



The Sketch

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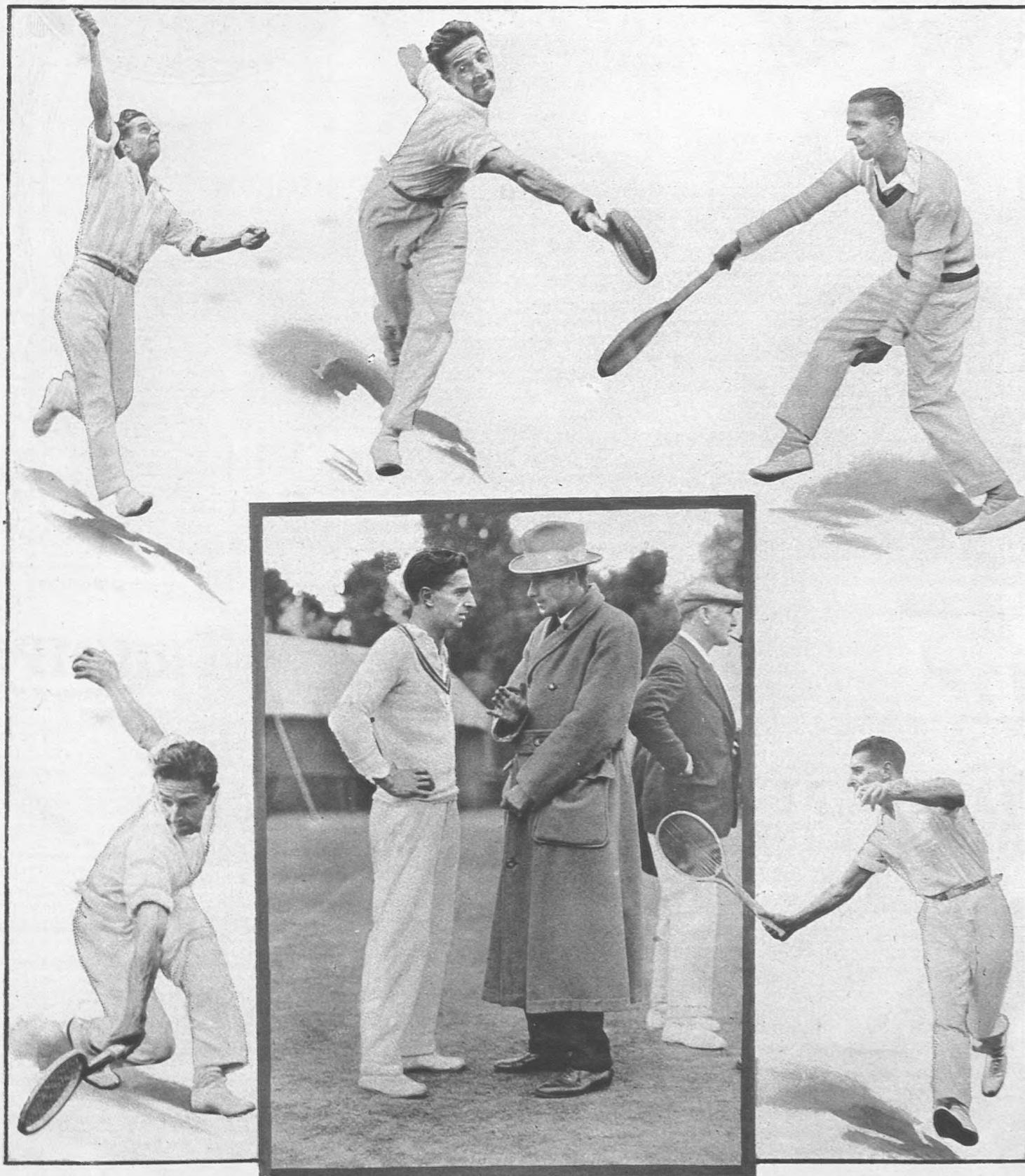
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THE SKETCH

No. 1483—Vol. CXIV.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1921.

ONE SHILLING.



A STAR TURN AT WIMBLEDON: M. ALONZO, THE SPANISH CHAMPION, AND SOME OF HIS METHODS.

Mr. M. Alonzo, the Spanish Champion, is "much fancied" at Wimbledon, and his matches have been attracting great crowds. He is the player who defeated Tilden in an exhibition game, not long ago, and beat Mr. Gordon Lowe in the Davis Cup Tie. His style has been the subject of some discussion, and he has been criticised for the circular arm movements which precede his real serving swing. It

has been frivolously suggested that this may be an ingenious device for attracting the eye of the striker from its proper objective! His brilliance has, however, been one of the features of the World's Championships at Wimbledon this year. The photograph in the centre of the bottom row shows Mr. Alonzo, and with Mr. Tilden, the famous American player and World's Champion of 1920.

Photographs Nos. 1, 2 and 3, by L.N.A.; Nos. 4, 5, and 6, by Alfieri.

"The Sketch" Photographer at Wimbledon.



1. MRS. BRASSEY. 2. LORD ROCKSAVAGE.

5. THE HON. MRS. ERIC CHAPLIN.

8. COLONEL LINDSAY AND MISS GWENDOLEN BROGDEN, WITH MRS. BERSEY.

3. LADY ZIA WERNHER.

6. THE HON. MRS. POLLACK AND MISS ELIZABETH POLLACK.

4. DAME CLARA BUTT AND MR. KENNERLEY RUMFORD.

7. MME. PARAVICINI.

9. LADY MAINWARING.

What with International Polo, Olympia, and Wimbledon, the season has become quite brilliant towards its close, and Society has had the opportunity of displaying its lovely frocks as well as indulging its interest in first-class lawn-tennis at Wimbledon during the last week. Our page shows a few of the spectators who saw some of the important matches in the great World's Championship meeting. Mrs. Brassey's delightful little frock with its apron-like

effect is worthy of special notice, and many other beautiful dresses were about at Wimbledon. Lord Rocksavage came with his camera. He is the son of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, and is as keen on lawn-tennis as he is on polo. Dame Clara Butt, D.B.E., the great vocalist, is shown with her husband, and Lady Zia Wernher, elder daughter of the Grand Duke Michael, and other well-known personalities appear in our snapshots.

Specially taken for "The Sketch" by Alfieri.

Wimbledon Caricatures.



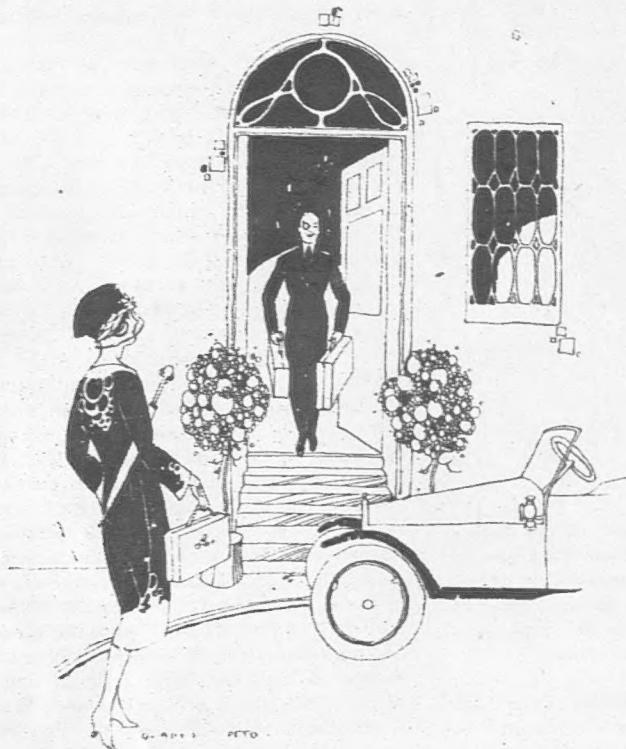
THE WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIPS: CENTRE COURT-ERS.

All the world is thinking of Wimbledon, where the world's best lawn-tennis players are gathered together to compete for the World's Championships. Our page of caricatures shows the Open Champion of 1920, the wonderful W. T. Tilden, and other celebrities. Major A. R. F. Kingscote, the famous English player, was on top of his form last week, and beat Mr. Gordon Lowe with "something to

spare." Shimidzu is the Japanese player who created so much interest last year; and Lycett and Mavrogordato are well-known experts. Mrs. Mallory, the Lady Champion of America, who before her marriage was Miss Molla Bjurstedt, has been several times Champion of Norway, the land of her birth. Mlle. Lenglen is still her invincible self, and Miss K. McKane is a young English player.

"Sunbeams out of Cucumbers"

SUNBEAMS out of Cucumbers—yes, and out of every other growing thing on earth this week—and out of every pair of eyes. The birds in my garden are beside themselves; the sedge-warblers especially, a whole family up among the leaves telling each other of joys in the stream below beyond the conception of London birds. I have been in London, and at Ascot, and at Hurlingham, and at Wimbledon, and all the time the birds had the monopoly of all this loveliness. They have left little wisps of their



1. Angela is just starting off to spend Henley Week with her friends the Super-Taxes. Algy, who does not know them, has refused their kind invitation, and has not bothered to tell Angela that he is joining Mrs. Jazz-Rapide's houseboat party.

emancipation everywhere—straggling straws on every bough where nests have been. Now they perch in long rows on the topmost elms, or chirp to each other from the orchard; or the dearest of them all, the skylark, takes my soul and flies straight into the blue, filling the world with song all the while. And I? I just sit here and let it. It is not listening. It is more than any mere earthly ear can catch. It is one of the precious ceremonies in life. A ceremony presupposes the existence of God, and of love, and of beauty, and of someone mortal who needs an outlet to deep feeling. The skylark is my outlet. If I sit still long enough on the grass below, he will say all I need to say. And he will soothe my soul and help me to bear with the Sinn Feiners. The Sinn Feiners have forgotten about skylarks, and the joy of living, and the beauty of their own green island, and the eternal glory of June. The Sinn Feiners want to kill things. To restore law and order in their land it is necessary for the men who have borne the heat and burden of the Great War to leave the peace they have won—to buckle on their armour and defend Ireland from the cruel result of her own flirtations with Bolsheviks and with the Germans who broke the hearts of their myriad Irish women by killing the bravest and best Irishmen of our generation.

At the International Polo Match it was the chief topic of conversation. Most of the soldiers I spoke to were going to Ireland sooner or later. Most of them had taken houses near their home garrisons, prepared to enjoy at last the land they have saved—jolly houses in the heart of the country, where they could forget the hideousness and horror of war. Most of them have wives and children who once more must learn to wait alone. But there is more bitterness now. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and the miserable vanity of civil war drives the iron deep into the bravest soul. English soldiers do not want to kill Irish peasants, who, for the most part, are mere blind children of impulse led by the unscrupulous aliens

who first fomented the Russian Revolution. English soldiers are loyal unto death to their King and to these British islands—now, as always, in their brave and steadfast keeping—and to the love of liberty bequeathed to them by their forefathers. Southern Ireland has been offered her own Parliament and the blessed freedom she has craved. What more is there possible? Oh, will she never tire of her childish unrest and disaffection? The sight of all those fine, brown-faced, precious men watching polo, and the sound of the evening newsvendors' voices shrieking, "Further horrors in Ireland," has hurt me almost more than the old, old pain of the daily papers during the Mons retreat, or the Ypres battles, or the waiting while our best beloved stood with their backs to the wall in front of Amiens during those last most awful days of all—after the 1918 March retreat. I cannot help having qualms. Are we sending enough men to Ireland? If the British cavalry are to save Ireland from herself, will they be supported with all possible forethought by all the powers of government? Over and over and over again this land has been saved by members of the same brave and loyal families, who ever go unrewarded save for their own increased self-respect and patriotic pride. Over and over again (as in South Africa), blood has been needlessly spilled because the Government (who read maps in the seclusion of comfortable rooms) failed to realise what they were up against. In the aftermath of the Great War, tired men need all the faith they can muster to obey—blindly to obey—yet again the decree of Government. May the Ministers responsible go on their knees and pray to be worthy of the blind faith of the men they send forth to fight once again for the peace of the world. And the world cannot have peace till Ireland finds peace. No country lives to herself alone, and a house divided against itself cannot stand. Without peace in Ireland, what matter how sweetly the birds sing in the English woods? And a woman must wait and do nothing.

At the Polo Match I heard the Winston Churchills chatting to various people. Mostly they talked of the sad accident, with its grave



2. Which is, however, very disappointing. Of course, Mrs. Jazz-Rapide and her sister are charming, but they collect such extraordinary men! Algy much admires a female form that he can descry upon a distant lawn; and it appears vaguely familiar.

result, to Lady Randolph Churchill. While she has been in more danger than her friends realised, she has been saved by her own indomitable pluck and determination to survive the shock of having a leg amputated. Mrs. Winston said that Lady Randolph's chief delight is to

have her letters read aloud to her. Her room is a bower of flowers sent by her many friends to give their own message of loving sympathy. It is a warning to us all not to neglect to scratch the soles of our new shoes.

I also saw Lady Horne with Lord Horne, and longed to ask all about Ireland. Not that he would have told me much—even if he knows. The best soldiers don't talk. And Lord Haig was there, very interested indeed in the most exciting of all games, and a little more depressed as chukker succeeded chukker all too furiously fast for our English team to have hope of winning. And Lord Beatty, with a cushion under his arm (to make things more comfortable for Lady Beatty, I suppose—or is our sailor hero beginning to need such luxurious ease for himself?), and General Maitland with Lady Miller (Lord Curzon's sister), and Princess Philip de Bourbon with lovely Paula Gelli-brand, and Lady (Tom) Bridges with Lady Ross. Lady Bridges is the wife of our quondam Military Attaché at Washington, and is almost as interested in the Irish question as I am, having doubtless heard every point of view in America, where so much false propaganda still finds its way through the alien sedition-mongers.

Nobody, not even the King, received a warmer welcome at Hurlingham than the Prince of Wales, who walked about before the match with Commander Louis Greig, smiling and chatting with all his friends in his best spirits. And I saw Ralph Lambton, Lord Durham's brother, in England on a holiday from Paris, where he still manages a branch of Lloyd's Bank, I think. And the Adrian Bethells were with several other 2nd Lifeguardsmen; and Lady Diana Somerset was deeply interested in the game—as was also Lady Burrell and young Alfred Duggan, who was with his mother, Lady Curzon of Kedleston; and Mrs. Grant (General Stuart-Wortley's daughter), looking quite lovely in black, with an enormous black ostrich-plume trailing from her little hat over her shoulder. She was with Lord Ashburton's unmarried daughter, Miss Barling, and two Italian officers in full-dress uniform. I also saw Sir Charles and Lady Lowther, and Major Fitzgerald (ex 11th Hussars), and the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, and Lord Lonsdale, and Lady Warrender, and the Spanish Ambassador and Mme. Merry del Val, and Lady Harcourt, and so many other people that space does not permit of their names.

After Lady Markham's delightful dance (and she has forbidden anyone to give a list of names, so I dare not without exposing my identity) it was necessary to sit and rest in the Park next evening on the sacred patch of grass left, usually, to the elect of Mayfair and gossip. It is the best hour in the London day, I think. So did Lord Knaresborough. And so do Lady Powis and Lady Blanche Conyngham. Lady Blanche is the only woman I know who has a season ticket for the Park. And she holds a little *al fresco* salon most evenings on the same spot. Lady Blandford (the Duke of Marlborough's mother) is often with her, and Lady Guilford, and Lady Normanton, and one or two of the young Agar girls.

Near by I also saw Lady Cowans, wearing her deep widow's black; and Mrs. Madden (with her little Eva), the widow of Major Gerald Madden, who was killed with the Irish Guards towards the end of the war. And the Duke of Rutland strolled through, still not quite restored to his usual health; and Lord and Lady Sligo held a court of their own; and

Mrs. Moss Cockle walked very briskly, and behind her Lord Dunraven with a tailor-made lady I did not recognise.

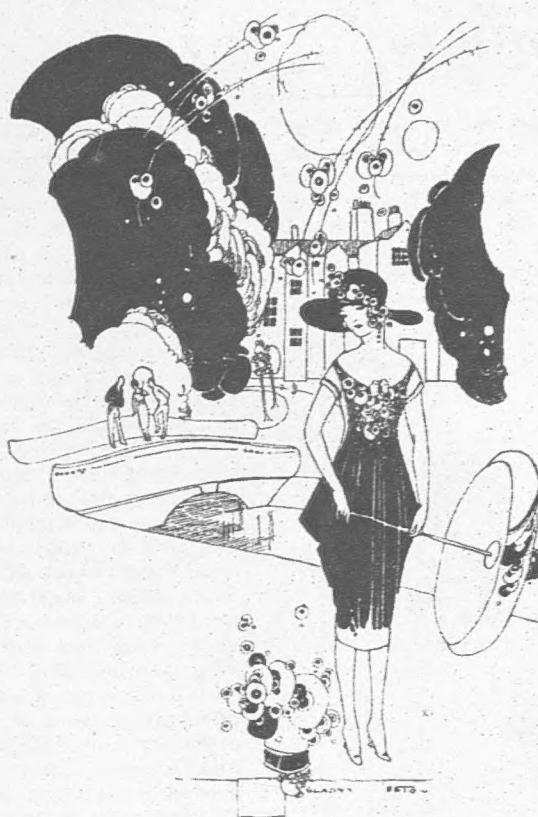
I have just seen the annual report of the Women's Holiday Fund. It sets me longing to be a millionaire. If I were a millionaire no appeal would be necessary for that fund. It was started in 1895 to help London working women of all denominations to take a short holiday in the country or by the sea. Before the war over one thousand women were helped each year. This is, however, a mere question of funds, which are now urgently needed to enable the society to send away a much larger number. The full cost to the society of a fortnight's holiday is about £3, which includes railway fare, so that a shorter holiday is proportionately dearer. Subscriptions and donations should be sent to the Secretary, W.H.F., Miss Cooper, 76, Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.; or the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. A. S. Daniel, Fairchildes, Warlingham, Surrey.

Of course, I went to the Lansdowne House Ball in as optimistic a mood as most of the other dancing enthusiasts. The excitement began long before our motor turned into the gaily illuminated gardens. The proper preface to any really delightful romance awakens just the particular eagerness that the sound of the orchestra awakened in our hearts as we neared the door. The Chinese lanterns—giant ones, with great bold flowers painted on them—the myriad electric lights festooned from tree to tree and down the drive, the big laughing moon (from Selfridge's) gazing through the green branches, the illuminated owl and the other birds all made us feel, somehow, wafted back to the old days of make-believe when just those things happened at all the best parties of our imagination. The presence of Royalty made the cup of our happiness full to overflowing—the Prince of Wales, dancing every dance as though dancing were the one thing in the world; the King of Spain, all smiles and decorations, dancing with the members of the Committee, whose broad blue sashes suggested that the highest of all honours,

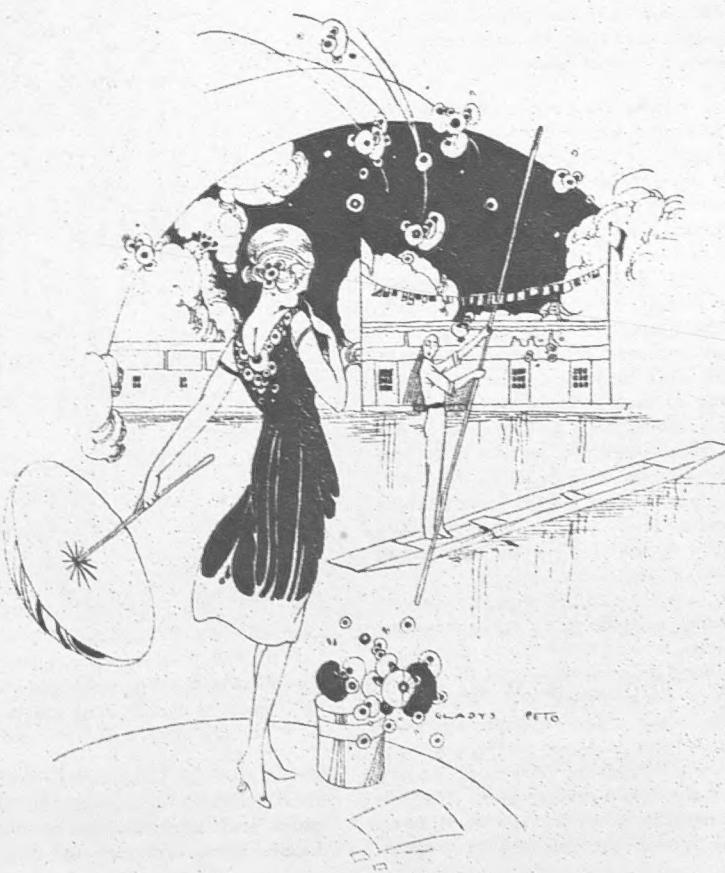
the Order of the Garter, had been the reward of their labours; Princess Alice Countess of Athlone, all shimmery in silver shot with green (a veritable Princess straight from the loveliest book of all—the illus-

trated one we were only allowed in the drawing-room when our small hands were scrupulously clean); the Duchess of Portland, most beautiful in white satin and many pearls; Lady Desborough, smiling her most infectious smile; Lady Diana Cooper in iridescent white, lovelier than ever; her sister, Lady Anglesey, who came on from Carlton House Terrace with her handsome husband, and a host of others who first dined with Lord and Lady Curzon of Kedleston; Lady Crewe, in white; Lady Lavery, looking her best in dainty pink chiffon; Countess Wedell in one of the latest model dance gowns; Mrs. Ralph Peto, in flaming orange; Lady Drogeda in cloth-of-silver; little Miss Horne (Lord Horne's pretty daughter) in a simple white sequin frock, her hair dressed very high, in contrast to the many small coiffures; Lady Cunard and Lady Islington, with big parties of girls and boys; Lady Rocksavage, looking particularly well in black, who arrived with the George Wellesleys and others who had dined with Lady Fitzgerald; and, of course, Lady Curzon, the organiser of the ball; quite delighted with the financial success for which she has worked so hard. Over 1300 tickets were sold, so the Queen's Nurses should receive a substantial cheque.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



3. And Angela is dreadfully bored at the Super-Taxes. That horrid little Goldie Super-Taxe gets all the attention. Angela is excessively intrigued, though, by a young man upon a houseboat opposite, who she is sure admires her, and whom she knows she met somewhere.



4. The moment of mutual recognition was really too disappointing.

AMERICA WINS AFTER A TENSE STRUGGLE: THE



ARRIVING: LORD AND LADY STANLEY.



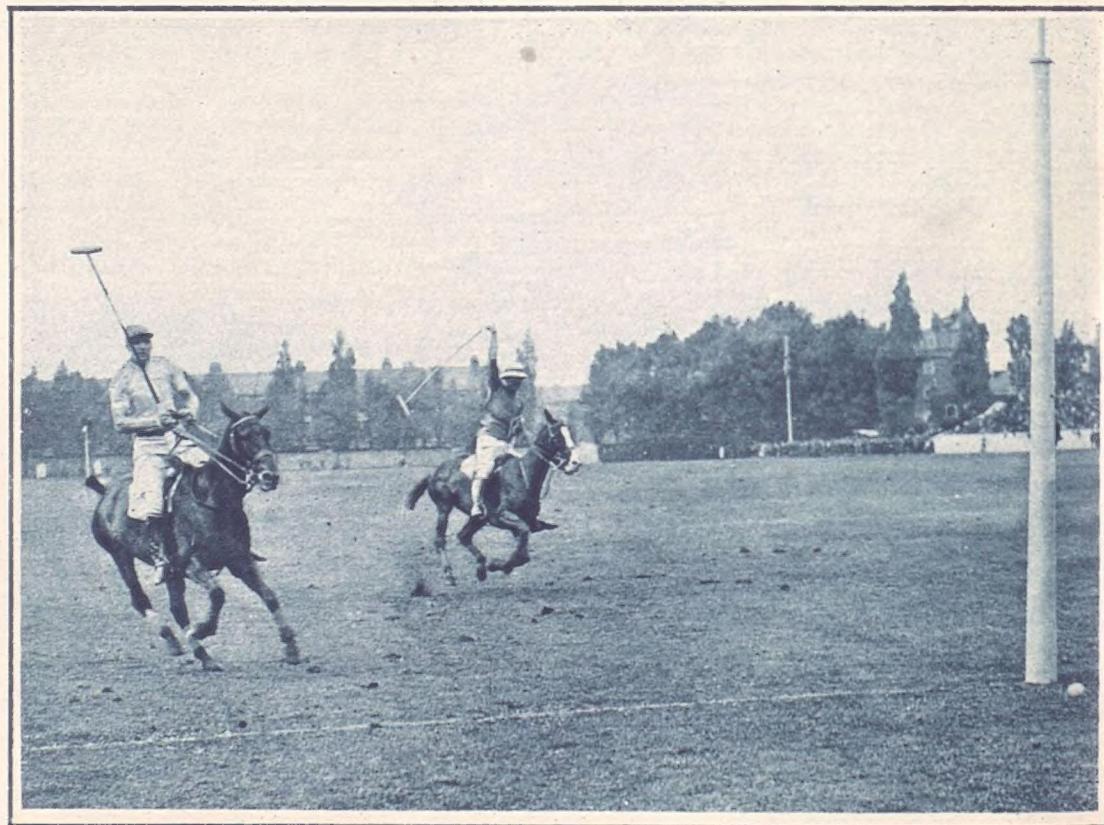
CHATTING TO MRS. HITCHCOCK: LADY ASTOR.



THE SON OF THE EARL OF SEFTON: LORD MOLYNEUX.



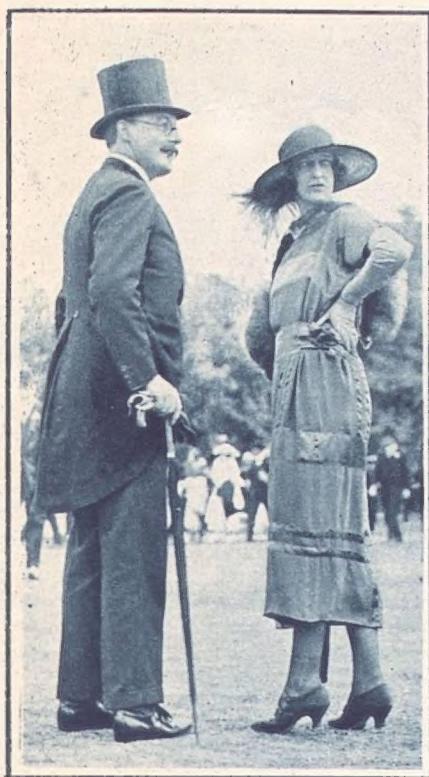
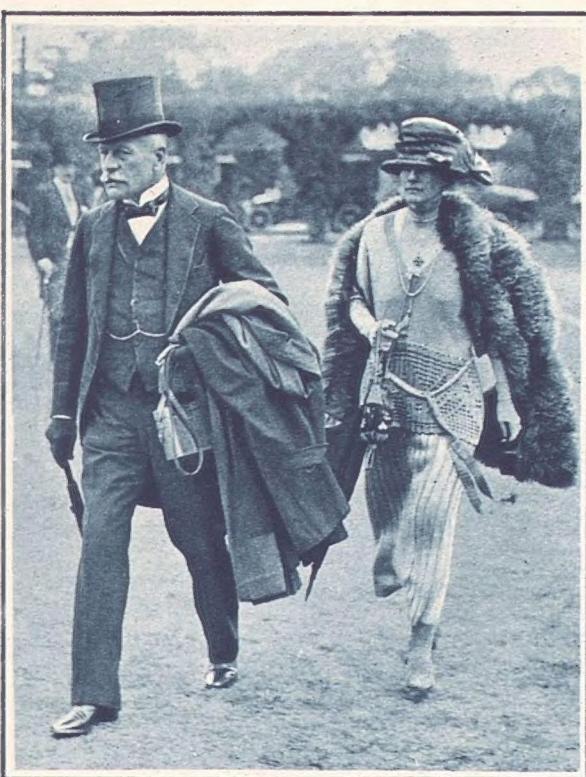
DISCUSSING THE GAME: MISS GREENWOOD.



A GOAL FOR OUR SIDE: LIEUT.-COL. "MOUSE" TOMKINSON GETS PAST THE AMERICAN DEFENCE.

The match in which the Americans won the International Cup by ten goals to six was a splendid exhibition of the game. The pace was tremendous, and, with the exception of the first three goals made by the Americans, not only every goal, but every shot in the game, was fought for and earned by the player who made it. It was a tense struggle, and at the opening of the last period, when the Americans only held a lead of two goals, the excitement was intense. Our pages show England scoring two of the goals which our side made, and also give

GREAT POLO MATCH AND SOME SPECTATORS.

CHATTING TO A FRIEND :
LADY DROGHEDA.THE FAMOUS FIELD-MARSHAL AND HIS WIFE :
LORD AND LADY HAIG.WITH MISS LINDSAY : THE HON. MRS. ROBERT
LINDSAY.SCORING ENGLAND'S FIRST GOAL : LORD WODEHOUSE
(LEFT).THE WIFE OF THE WELL-KNOWN POLO-PLAYER :
THE DUCHESS OF PENARANDA.

snapshots of a few of the many well-known people who attended Hurlingham for this historic match. The dresses worn were particularly beautiful, and practically every distinguished man and woman in London Society were present. Our photograph of Lady Astor shows her with Mrs. Hitchcock, the mother of Mr. "Tommy" Hitchcock, the American player. He is an Oxford undergraduate and the youngest of the Internationals.—[Photographs Nos. 1, 3, 7 and 10, by Alfieri; Nos. 2, 4, and 5, by C.N.; No. 6, by T.P.A.; and Nos. 8 and 9, by L.N.A.]



Motley Notes

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY — GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND..."

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chico.")

The Fête at Martin-Église. Not so far from Dieppe there is a little village called Martin-Église. It is a pretty village, with wooded hills at the back, and a shy stream meandering through the cottage gardens, and an old inn flanked by a large orchard of ancient trees.

Learning by chance that Sunday was fête-day at Martin-Église, I boarded a motor charabanc and away we went. The driver, like all Frenchmen, went quite mad the moment his engine began to work. The highest possible speed was the only thing he cared for. Pedestrians were as nought. We did not trundle to Martin-Église; we swung, rushed, lurched, swung again, grated, jolted, and lo! we were arrived.

The village street was crowded. That was the fête. In a tiny paddock, to be sure, there was a tiny roundabout—of which more anon—and one or two tiny stalls, and a tiny booth where you might try your luck. But these were accidental features of the fête; the fête proper consisted of meeting your married brother and his wife, with children; your married sister and her husband, with children; your husband's father and mother, with a cake tied up in a handkerchief; your wife's father and mother, with another cake tied up in a handkerchief. And the national gaiety of spirit did the rest.

The Main Feature. When you had collected all your relations and friends into a group, you made for the orchard of the inn, and secured a large table. You then unpacked your cakes—very plain cakes, with currants here and there—produced a clasp-knife which is your table companion through life, cut the cakes into huge slices, handed them round, and ate with appetite.

Growing thirsty, you called for the waiter. If the waiter liked the look of your party—that is to say, if your party looked good for any sort of *pourboire*—he heard you at once; if his impression was unfavourable, you might yell yourself hoarse and no waiter would take your order. They have a simplicity in France about such things.

Supposing the waiter chose to hear you, what did you order? Tea? No. Beer? No. Wine? No. Vermouth? No. You ordered cider. Everybody drank cider. I did not, having once spent a night of agony in a provincial French hotel after drinking the native beverage. I drank "vermouth-avec-seltz." But cider was the drink, and currant-bread was the food, and laughter was the sauce. Thrifty, temperate, and—I suppose—wholesome. At an affair of the sort in England, how many people would have been happy on currant-bread and cider? How many would have had the courage to bring their home-made food with them in a handkerchief? And how many of the men would have gone home completely sober?

The Human Roundabout.

Now about that tiny roundabout. It really was quite a wee affair, you understand. The horses were almost toy horses, suitable only for children or slim *jeunes filles*. There was no organ ground by steam, with savage whooping syren to create an atmosphere of fictitious excitement. The necessary music was supplied by a small hurdy-gurdy, turned by a young lady in a white cap and apron.

After staring at this vehicle of joy for some minutes, I suddenly asked myself, "What is the motive-power? What makes the thing go round?" I have seen these little roundabouts at country fairs in England pulled by small ponies; but there was no pony here. Round it went, none the less, and the patrons had a good long ride for their money. But what made it go?

And then, by accident, I discovered, and the discovery gave me a shock which is still vivid in my memory. The upper portion of the roundabout was shielded from the public gaze by sheets of canvas. A sudden gust of breeze lifted one of these sheets, and the mystery was explained. Assembled in the upper storey, so to speak, of the roundabout were the proprietor, his wife, his sons, and his daughters. The whole family was there, solemnly and patiently walking round and round, pushing the roundabout. Then the merciful canvas fell again.

"Le Dimanche There is a Chez Lui." story of Phil

May in Paris which you may have heard. He had a habit, when in that city, of losing his friends and wandering the streets alone, studying types and human nature, and, no doubt, making notes in his sketch-book. On one occasion his friends chanced across him at a kiosk on the boulevards, persistently demanding a copy of an English journal which he called "Le Dimanche Chez Lui." But the keeper of the kiosk had never even heard of that celebrated publication — the *Sunday at Home*.

I was reminded of this little story whilst strolling along the main street of Dieppe on the evening of the fête. A sound of gay music, not wholly French, fell upon mine ear. Tracing the sound, I entered the old-fashioned hostelry — mentioned by me, I think, last week — which is controlled by a cheerful young

Englishman of sporting tastes and

Venturing to peep in at an open window that gave on to the courtyard, I saw my young friend at the piano, playing with great skill the latest one-step. At the other side of the room was his brother-in-law, a Frenchman, studiously accompanying the piano on a quite complete jazz-band. They were engrossed, absorbed in their occupation. And their charming young wives danced together to the music. It was a pretty picture of an Englishman's Sunday at Home — in Dieppe.



A CLEVER AND ATTRACTIVE DANCER: MISS JOAN PICKERING.

Miss Joan Pickering is the clever and attractive young dancer who was seen recently in "Faust on Toast." She will shortly appear in a leading rôle at one of the London theatres.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

Rolling Down to Rio.



SEA LEGS—IN SEVERAL STAGES.

"Sketch" readers will have wondered why they have seen nothing of Bryan de Grineau of late, but the above picture will answer their query. He has been "rolling down to Rio,"

and, as a result of his trip, has produced this impression of Sea Legs, and the various stages which must be passed through before one really gets them!

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY BRYAN DE GRINEAU.

"In the Gay Spring of Life": No. I.



THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. LIONEL DUGDALE: MISS BERYL DUGDALE.

Miss Beryl Dugdale is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dugdale, of Crawthorne Hall, near Yarm, Yorkshire. Her father and mother have a town house at 26, Green Street, Park Lane, and Miss

Dugdale, who came out not long ago, goes about a great deal in London, and is one of the prettiest girls in Society. This is her latest portrait.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

"In the Gay Spring of Life": No. II.



THE DAUGHTER OF MRS. CHARLES FITZCLARENCE: MISS JOAN HARRIET FITZCLARENCE.

Miss Joan Harriet FitzClarence is the daughter of Mrs. Charles FitzClarence, and of the late Brigadier-General Charles FitzClarence, V.C., Irish Guards, who was killed in the war. She is the grand-daughter

of the late Lord Alfred Spencer-Churchill, and is one of the most charming girls in Society. She was born in 1901, and recently made her début.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

"In the Gay Spring of Life": No. III.



Lady Barbara Violet Bingham is the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lucan, and a recent débutante. She is a very beautiful girl, as our photograph shows. Lord Lucan, who married Miss Violet

Sylvia Blanche Spender Clay, the daughter of the late Mr. J. Spender Clay, of Ford Manor, Lingfield, has a seat in England—Laleham, Staines—as well as his Irish place—Castlebar, Co. Mayo.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

"In the Gay Spring of Life": No. IV.



Lady Mary Thynne, who is one of the débutantes of the year, is the youngest of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath's three daughters. She was born in 1903, and is one of the loveliest of the young girls

in Society. Her eldest sister is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Oliver Hugh Stanley, D.S.O., and her second sister, Lady Emma Thynne, is unmarried.

Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnott.



HERE are certain weeks in the year when life in London and the Home Counties makes a dazzling approximation to the existence of heroes (and heroines) of romance. Of the best sort of romance. The kind, you know, of which the late Mr. Charles Garvice was the recognised, the unapproachable purveyor.

Rising early in his elegantly appointed rooms in the Albany (in Chapter I. you are generally permitted to hear him singing—such a



WATCHING THE POLO AT ROEHAMPTON: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER.

This snapshot of the Duke and Duchess of Westminster was taken at one of the recent polo matches at Roehampton. The Duchess, whose marriage took place last year, is the youngest daughter of Sir William Nelson.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]

human, lovable touch—in his bath), Our Hero strokes (or coxes) the winning eight to victory in the Diamond Sculls, which are rowed before lunch (and with eights) for his personal convenience.

Eluding the embraces of the crowd, which endeavours to chair its beloved cox (or stroke), he drives his panting Mercedes on red-hot tyres to London in time to jump Pretty Polly to victory in the Coster's Cart event in the Horse Show at Olympia. That, you know, is why he was in such a hurry just now on the way through Slough. Because She was to be there. Had she not promised to at Lady Ffolliott's ball in Chapter IV.?

Without getting in the least hot or bothered by this dazzling success, he alights and, flinging the reins to the faithful Hoskins, throws himself (and suit-case containing suits, dress, one) into the Mercedes, which is only just getting over its recent pulmonary exertions on the Bath Road, and points the radiator with a vicious swing towards Oxford.

Has he not sworn (and in the presence of a lady) that he will dance with her madly all the night long at the Commem. Ball at St. Albert's Hall? Two hours later he emerges, faultlessly dressed, smoothing his hair with one hand, and buttoning his waistcoat (buttons by Asprey) with the other, from the frowning porch of Judas College, and strides rapidly towards St. Albert's.

And that is the way to do it. It is no good jeering at the high-spirited authors of popular fiction. They may—they do overdo it. But, as we began by saying, for a week or so in the middle of the summer that is very nearly how you may spend your time. If not quite. And, of course, you overdo it, too. But then August is coming sooner or later. And what is August for, if not to provide you with an interval for recovering from June and July?

About the time of year when the more nervous cart-horses on point duty along High Street, Kensington are scared by the unaccustomed brilliance of Swiss and Liberian cavalry officers proceeding (complete with mount) to Olympia under their own steam, life really gets astonishingly crowded. Of course, you can't go to everything. But you try. And even if you confine yourself to sitting at home and reading about it in *The Sk*—hush!—you will find that your existence is very sufficiently exciting.

And one wonders a little how the future historian is going to take it all. Just think what masses of material the poor fellow will have to digest if he is to form the faintest notion of what we were all thinking about in the warm weather of 1921. And will he get it right? Will it look, when he studies the documents, like a country whose industry had been paralysed for three months?

Of course, one would, as a historian, give anything for a really good picture of Nero rendering Rachmaninoff's Prelude whilst Rome was burning. But it is at least of equal importance to realise that Rome was burning as that the Emperor was graciously pleased to fiddle. And one wonders whether our trivial, fond record will really indicate much about this country of ours beyond the fact that we possess a large number of excellent fiddlers?

But perhaps it is all too dismal to worry about, and we might as well eat, drink, and patronise the admirable concern which Has the Beat Seats. Because we Want Them. And we aren't all (students of the snapshot, please remember this) as silly as we look.

London has put a brave face on things before, and perhaps we ought to be grateful to the cheerful people who help to paint the



A STAGE-TURF WEDDING: MISS EMILY BROOKE, THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS, MARRIES MR. "ATTY" PERSSE.

Miss Emily Brooke, the well-known actress, who until recently played the leading rôle in "Bull-Dog Drummond," at Wyndham's, was married recently to Mr. Henry Seymour ("Atty") Persse, the famous trainer. The ceremony took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and the bride, who is the elder daughter of Sir George Brooke, was given away by her brother, Captain Francis Brooke. She was followed by two little bridesmaids—Miss Jeanne du Maurier and Miss Peggy Bagot-Chester.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

grey a shade pinker now. You can't do any good by parading round with a head full of statistics. They won't let you in (unless you'll take the coupon), even if you feel inclined to help. So, cheer up. Where are you going to-night?

At the Polo Pageant: Society's Grand Parade.



ARRIVING AT THE CLUB:
MRS. PIRELLI.



VISCOUNT MAITLAND'S DAUGHTER-IN-LAW:
THE HON. MRS. IAN MAITLAND.



THE HON. MRS. DAVID
LESLIE-MELVILLE.



WRAPPED IN A FUR COAT: THE
DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.



IN A LOVELY BLACK-LACE DRESS:
LADY CHESHAM.



THE WIFE OF SIR HARRY STAPLETON-
MAINWARING: LADY MAINWARING.



A YOUNG BARONET AND HIS WIFE: SIR VICTOR
AND LADY WARRENDER (LEFT).



WITH LORD AND LADY DECIES: MR. AND MRS. ANTHONY
DREXEL.

Though the results of the Polo Test Matches have proved a disappointment to many optimistic Britishers, one must admit that the social and picturesque side of the International struggle was above reproach. Everyone was there. Kings and Queens, Princes and Princesses, Dukes and Duchesses and representatives

of all the degrees of nobility watched the game. The dress parade was a second Ascot, and the sun shone brilliantly on the whole scene. Our page shows some well-known people who were present on the first day, and illustrates some of the beautiful dresses worn on this historic sporting and Society occasion.

Photographs specially taken for "The Sketch" by Alfieri.



ADVENTURE IN MAYFAIR. BY NOEL MILLER.

ASUBTLE excitement born of an assured conviction put an added colour into the woman's cheeks. Then, though very slightly, she slackened her speed. She wanted to form, in her own mind, some possible plan of campaign.

That the man in grey was following her she had suspected for some short while, and suspicion had now become a certainty. She was all the more certain because she knew herself no fool, nor in the least addicted, as is a certain type of woman, to the imagining of this sort of episode . . . but, after all, the long arm of coincidence can be carried a little too far.

She had first become aware of him on leaving Eaton Square, and had noticed him again when walking some half-way up Grosvenor Place. Then, when she discovered he had entered the Park in her rear, and not only this, but that he was following her towards Stanhope Gate; she knew his continued presence was deliberate.

And her heart, a most sophisticated organ, began beating a little faster. For this was no vulgar and sordid adventure such as is common to the streets of all big cities, nor was either of the two players in it of the sort usually to be associated with any such affair. This was something very different, something romantic, intriguing, and full of intoxicating possibilities. For she knew the identity of her admirer, and that knowledge was not to be ignored. She had, in her recognition of him, no particular advantage over the majority of people in town, or rather over that minority who know anyone at all, for he was, indeed, from a social point of view, something of a celebrity. His name was Sir Philip Mansfield-Page, and he was an incredibly rich bachelor and man about town, the ninth owner of estates both extensive and historic. He might, of course, have been all this and more, and his proximity might still have failed to interest her, had he, for instance, had a reputation for this sort of behaviour, or even for caring for women . . . the whole excitement of the present situation lay in the fact that he had not. On the contrary, he was, although only thirty-five, already beginning to be spoken of as being a non-marrying man; so many, of course, had tried to marry him . . . and had failed.

Certainly this was not, for the sake of an hour's amusement, the individual to adopt the rather peculiar course he was now following. Coming from him it could, under the circumstances, mean only one thing—that he was quite unusually attracted by her, that he had taken a fancy to her appearance. She was not, she knew, a great beauty—was not, in reality, more than averagely handsome; but she had also enough worldly knowledge to realise that this was but a trifle. Many an eligible-man has, before now, married a plain woman, and done so, presumably, because he loved her . . . Beauty, after all, is in the eye of the beholder, and admiration of that sort has little affinity with love. . . . Some expression, some subtle charm in her face might have awakened something more than his interest, and then she was smart, intelligent, and of his own set . . . yes, it was perfectly possible.

And Sir Philip, she had heard, showed, as a rule, a colossal indifference towards women, towards girls in particular. He had viewed with an utter lack of enthusiasm the exquisite débütantes of season after season, and his heart had, so far, proved admirably constituted to withstand the siege which had been laid to it.

Far from falling in love, he displayed an utter sophistication, a species of weary uninterest . . . he did not even dance . . . and so was just the type, according to all precedent, one day to form some sudden infatuation.

Diana Ashe was a born opportunist; she would, had she been born in another sphere, have made a competent adventuress, and she now was considering rapidly and efficiently by what means she could turn this to account.

Had she happened to be on her way home, she would not so much have minded, for he would then have been able to notice her habitation, and discover with ease her identity; but she was not, she was on her way to lunch in Green Street with a friend.

That fact complicated matters, and she grappled in vain for some moments with the problem of just how to act under these circumstances.

The conventional, the only reasonable thing was, of course, to do nothing, but . . . she did not want to do that.

After all, she was already twenty-four, and had not yet landed the matrimonial whale on which she had set her heart. She had danced through six consecutive seasons and . . . this might mean a brilliant match if she played her cards cleverly . . . but there was no use in counting upon meeting him again, for, however attracted

one may be by the face of a stranger in the street, the impression, in the very nature of things, is one apt to be soon forgotten.

The continued consciousness of that debonair figure in her rear acted presently as a spur to her inventiveness. An idea flashed through her brain. It would, by most people, have been dismissed as soon as it occurred—or rather, to most people it never would have occurred; but Diana was different. She had a cool determination seldom met with in her world. She would, had she studied the game, have made an excellent poker-player. Thinking it over, she recalled the story of the well-known peer who married the ugliest girl in society of his day. Not only had she been ugly, but she had also been ill-tempered, and, from their very first meeting, she had consistently snapped his head off. And these tactics had so amused and charmed him by their utter and sheer novelty that he had straightway fallen in love with her. It was just possible, she imagined, that similar methods might prevail on this occasion, might stimulate the interest of the man on whom so many had smiled in vain. He would, anyhow, see that at least there was one woman whom his position quite failed to impress.

Besides, if she wished to speak to him, it seemed her only chance of doing so, and in any way of keeping his respect . . .

She turned and crossed towards Stanhope Gate, and, as she did so, some twenty yards behind her, Sir Philip did likewise.

Once in Park Lane itself, she strolled up it as far as the first island, and then crossed the road to that. There she waited deliberately till some far-off traffic approached, fidgeting, as she stood there, with the fastening of one long white glove.

Would he wait till she had left the island, or would he join her upon it? Her suspense was short-lived, for in another moment he was standing at her side.

Diana, all her life, had had a *flair* for amateur theatricals; she had a unique ability of throwing herself into her part, and never had she played a rôle better than she did this one.

She turned towards him. "If you continue to follow me," she said in cool, composed tones, "I'm afraid I shall have to complain . . ."

There was no policeman in sight—of that she had already made sure. This man, had there been, might have called her bluff, and that would have meant utter defeat. But there was not.

Sir Philip eyed her without the slightest embarrassment; then said slowly, "I beg your pardon, you said—?"

So he intended to deny it.

She shrugged graceful shoulders. "When it comes to pursuing a perfect stranger—"

Blandly he interrupted her. "Surely one is at liberty to cross the street?"

"One certainly is. But hardly to follow anyone else about for half a morning. You see, I noticed you first when I left Eaton Square, and, well, your continued presence speaks for itself."

There was a pause.

When he next spoke his tone had completely altered. "So you noticed me? But you're going to forgive me, aren't you? One is so attracted by beauty, and it is such a rare sight nowadays."

The traffic had long since passed, and they crossed to the curb together. He was still speaking. "Do make allowances for me—and believe me, I had no intention of annoying you; nothing was further from my thoughts. I had no idea even that you were aware of my interest or . . . admiration."

"It was so obvious," she murmured.

"You're very hard," replied the man. "Suppose you saw some charming sight, might not your sheer love of beauty tempt you to prolong the pleasure it gave you? I should never have thought of speaking to you, though . . . but perhaps you will allow me to introduce myself—I am Sir Philip Mansfield-Page."

He paused hopefully, and Diana graciously took her cue. "My name is Diana Ashe," she told him softly; "but this is terribly unconventional."

They had reached her destination, and she stopped. "I am lunching here"—she hesitated, then added, "Of course, I forgive you. Perhaps some day we'll meet again."

She secretly intended that they should.

To her astonishment, Sir Philip remained stationary. "Why shouldn't I come along to lunch too?" he exclaimed genially. "Good idea—what?"

Diana gasped; this was really going a little too far. "Please go," she said, a little stiffly. "I am lunching with friends."

[Continued on page viii.]

The Fourth of Five Lovely Sisters.



DAUGHTER-IN-LAW OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH: THE MARCHIONESS OF BLANDFORD.

The Marchioness of Blandford is the wife of the Marquess of Blandford, 1st Life Guards, elder son of the Duke of Marlborough, and was married in 1920. She is one of the beauties of the day, and is the fourth of the lovely "Cadogan Girls," the five daughters of the

late Viscount Chelsea, and of the Hon. Lady Meux. Her sisters are: Lady Stanley, Lady Hillingdon, the Hon. Mrs. Humphrey de Trafford, and the Hon. Victoria Laura Cadogan, the youngest of the family, who recently made her début.

FROM THE PORTRAIT BY LEO KLIN.

Au bord d'une Fontaine



I.

Au bord d'une fontaine,
Tircis, brûlant d'amour,
Contait ainsi sa peine
Aux échos d'alentour.

Félicité passée
Qui ne peut revenir,
Tourment de ma pensée
Que n'ai-je, en te perdant, perdu le souvenir !

II.

L'amour charmait ma vie,
L'amour fait mon malheur.
Je plaisais à Silvie,
Et j'ai perdu son cœur !

Félicité passée
Qui ne peut revenir,
Tourment de ma pensée,
Que n'ai-je, en te perdant, perdu le souvenir !

Ense. Edward Brepman inc. et del.

III.

Ruisseau, si dans ta course
Tu peux la rencontrer,
Dis que près de ta source
Tu m'as vu la pleurer !

Félicité passée
Qui ne peut revenir,
Tourment de ma pensée,
Que n'ai-je, en te perdant, perdu le souvenir !



OLD FRENCH CHANSONS WITH SUPP.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH"

(The French words of the above song are taken from "Echos du Temps Passé," and are p

Up the River



One hundred and twenty one



Old man Thames, as you go down
Past the bricks of London Town,
Keep an eye out, ancient boy,
For a place they call Savoy.
It's quite close to where you flow,
Roundabout you needn't go;
There, if you should chance to see
Sylvia, tell her this from me:

Tell her this
You saw me kiss
Someone else at Maidenhead,
Say her memory's not quite dead,
But with it I'm rather fed.

Up the river, one fine day,
In a punt young Reggie lay,
Flannelled, cool, and debonair,
Thinking o'er his last affair.
Something rather swish in Town
Had beguiled and turned him down.
Did the echoes roundabout
Hear his melancholy shout?

Not a bit.

Reggie lit
His five-hundredth cigarette,
Smiled and said: "I'll soon forget
Sylvia, and be happy yet."

While she lasted, she was quite
(As the poets say) all right—
Swore I was the only boy
Who could teach her to enjoy
Life. She did me in the eye
Just a month, and then, bye-bye.
Well, why grouse? She wasn't bad—
Topping, even. Why be sad?

Lots of fish,
Quite as swish
Haunt your waters, dear old brook;
If my finger I but crook,
I'll have something on my hook.



A Study in Black and Red.



ONE OF THE HOUSEHOLD GODDESSES COME TO LIFE: A LAMPSHADE LADY.

This Lampshade Lady—Miss Phyllis Hobday—is one of the Household Goddesses who come to life in "Pins and Needles,"

at the Gaiety, and make a decorative parade in the Lampshade Scene.—[Photograph by Stage Photo, Co.]



HOW many noises do you think there are? Living in Paris, and longing at this moment for the quietude of the mountains, I should have put the number extremely high. I could not help feeling that Signor Luigi Russolo, who is a specialist in sounds, was putting it very low when he informed me that some day we shall be able to distinguish twenty or thirty thousand different noises. But why imitate them? Is it not bad enough to endure them? No: at the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées we have just been listening to amazing efforts towards the creation of a new art—the "Art of Noise." Signor Marinetti introduced the orchestra which was to do fearful things. Certainly there has never been such a weird row since they stopped building the Tower of Babel.

With perfect seriousness I am informed that music has confined itself hitherto within narrow limits. Those limits must be broken. Wagner, it appears, made a feeble effort to get outside the restricted circle. Strauss tried again. Stravinsky burst the bounds, and Prokofiev went still further. As for French musicians, Erik Satie and Darius Milhaud have done their best to provide us with new sensations. But all these are back numbers. They do not realise that we are living in the twentieth century. The twentieth century is the age of sound. Until lately the world has been relatively silent. But with the invention of machinery the way was prepared for the "Bruiteurs."

The "Bruiteurs" have outpassed Beethoven. Is it not pitiful to think of the poor acoustic results achieved by Sir Henry Wood? There is a nobler pleasure in combining the noise of trams, of automobiles, and of steam hammers. Were I to attempt to enumerate only a few of the principal categories of sound produced by this new Paris orchestra, this letter would look like a chapter by Rabelais. There were grondements and sifflements, ronflements and rendements, cliquetis and glouglous, murmures and stridences. The hululeurs and the éclateurs, the froufroueurs and the mugisseurs, did their darnedest, and nothing like it has been heard since the last election.

So far thirty-five nerve-racking instruments have been invented, but unfortunately only twenty-eight were ready for this occasion. There are treats in store for us. Please remark that there is no desire to be eccentric or to aim at mere cacophony. Oh no; all that is sought is to enrich the domain of sound and to relieve the monotony of orchestral concerts. It must be confessed that the nubuleurs, the grondeurs, the crêpateurs, the bourdonneurs, the croasseurs, and the sibileurs managed to give us something of a change. Certain people who are deaf to the beauty of this kind of sonority added their quota to the confusion by yelling rude remarks about imbecility. They only helped to complete the wonderful variety of noises.



ONE MODEL—TWO DRESSES : REMOVING THE TAFFETA TUNIC AND BOLERO.

The latest "conceit" from Paris is the model which is really two dresses in one. This photograph shows the wearer of a lace-and-taffeta dress unfastening the apron-like tunic.

Photograph by O'Doyd.

Personally, I am old-fashioned enough not to be persuaded. I like better the outmoded music that Anna Pavlova chooses to accompany her dances. She has had in the French capital a triumph which has, I imagine, been rarely equalled. Not content with filling the Opéra and the immense Trocadéro, she consented to dance by the lake at Bagatelle, in the Bois de Boulogne, by moonlight. Can you conceive the beauty of her "Mort du Cygne" interpreted in such poetic circumstances? This was the most striking artistic and social event of the present season. The Duchesse d'Uzès, so conspicuous in charitable works, promoted this unique entertainment. Of all the nocturnal fêtes ever held here, this is surely the most wonderful.



VARIETY WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE : THE LACE DRESS WHICH APPEARS UNDER THE TAFFETA.

This exquisite lace dress is what appears when Madame has removed the taffeta bolero and apron from the model illustrated in our other photograph. She merely adds a wide sash of rose-coloured ribbon, and all the world imagines that she is wearing a totally different frock from any she has been seen in before!

Photograph by O'Doyd.

Ibsen. The Latin peoples have never considered the stage as the platform of the politician or the chair of the philosopher. It is possible that they are right. I suppose that English people go to the theatre for precisely the same reasons as the French—to be amused, to be touched by sentiment, to receive sensations, and to digest their dinner.

While, according to all accounts, the theatres in London are having a pretty bad time, there is in Paris greater activity than ever. I told you, I think, about the curious venture of M. Paul Poiret, who has founded what he calls the Théâtre de l'Oasis—in his garden! Another venture, equally interesting but altogether different, is that of Mr. Philip Carr, who has founded an English theatre. There is surely room for it. It was refreshing to witness one-act plays by Sir James Barrie, by Mr. W. W. Jacobs, by Mr. George Middleton, and by Miss Susan Glaspell—the two latter American authors who are, however, well known in London. Now that the boom in British-speaking actors and Anglo-American plays has begun, it is to be hoped that we shall see many more of them.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

WITH STARS AS SPECTATORS: THE ORPHANAGE



TAKING CENTRE: MR. GERALD
DU MAURIER GOES IN.



MISS LILY ELSIE AND HER HUSBAND: MR. AND MRS. IAN BULLOUGH
BEHIND A SCREEN OF ROSES.



CHATTING WITH MRS. AUSTEN, THE MATRON OF THE
ACTORS' ORPHANAGE: MISS VIOLA TREE.



WITH HER THREE LITTLE DAUGHTERS:
MRS. GERALD DU MAURIER.

There was a general gathering of theatrical celebrities at the cricket match at Langley, Bucks, between Mr. Gerald du Maurier's XI. and the Actors' Orphanage XI., who won by six wickets. Our photographs show some of the well-known actors who took part in the game, and a

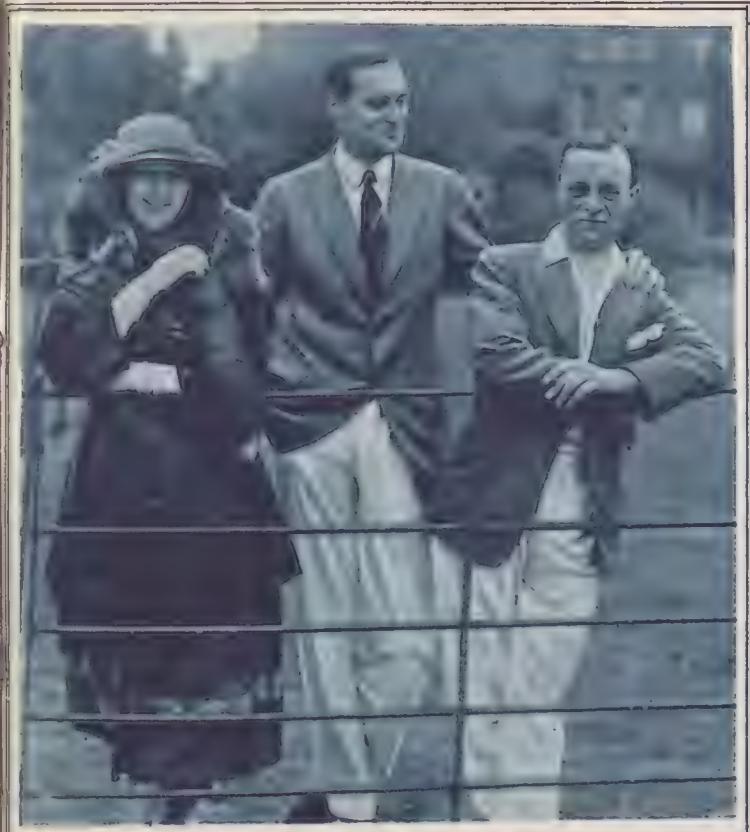
ELEVEN BEATS MR. DU MAURIER'S SIDE.



STARS AS SPECTATORS: MISS MARIE LÖHR (THIRD FROM LEFT); MISS LILIAN BRAITHWAITE; MISS LILY ELSIE; MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN; MISS JESSIE WINTER; MISS HILDA MOORE; MR. LAWFORD; MRS. STILES; AND MR. LESLIE STILES.



TRYING HER HAND WITH A BAT:
MISS VIOLET LORAIN.



WITH THE INIMITABLE MR. LESLIE HENSON: MISS MARIE LÖHR,
AND HER HUSBAND, MR. ANTHONY PRINSEP.



READY FOR THE FRAY—WITH CRICKET-BAG AND SMILE:
MR. OWEN NARES.

bunch of the stars who came to the match as spectators. Our pages also give a very attractive snapshot of Miss Lily Elsie and her husband, Mr. Ian Bullough, and show Miss Violet Loraine, complete with cricket-pads, trying her hand with a bat.—[Photographs by C.N.]

Engagements and Weddings: Brides and Brides-To-Be.



TO MARRY MR. C. B. CANNING:
MISS ENID M. NORWOOD.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN G. PILLEAU, M.C.:
MISS EILEEN O'KEEFE.



ENGAGED TO DR. E. E. WALLIS:
MISS EILEEN ROFFEY.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN C. E. LOSEBY, M.C., M.P.:
MISS D. J. HERNE.



FORMERLY MISS FAITH MOLA: COUNTESS
SANTUCCI FONTANELLI.



TO MARRY MAJOR ROLAND WILBERFORCE,
O.B.E.: MRS. EGERTON.



FORMERLY MISS DOROTHY TREVELYAN
MARTIN: MRS. DESMOND BEVAN.



MARRIED TO CAPTAIN CONSTANTINE BENSON,
D.S.O., TO-DAY: LADY MORVYTH WARD.

Miss Enid M. Norwood, eldest daughter of the Master of Marlborough, is engaged to Mr. C. B. Canning, of Marlborough College.—Miss Eileen O'Keeffe is the daughter of Major-Gen. Sir Manus O'Keeffe.—Miss Eileen Roffey is the only child of Sir W. and Lady Roffey.—The marriage of Miss D. J. Herne and Captain C. E. Loseby, M.C., M.P., takes place at St. Margaret's on July 29.—Countess Santucci Fontanelli is the daughter of General Mola, late Italian Military Attaché in London.

Her marriage took place recently in Rome.—Mrs. Louis Egerton, who is engaged to Major R. Wilberforce, O.B.E., eldest son of the Bishop of Chichester, is the daughter of Lord and Lady Victor Seymour.—Miss Dorothy Trevelyan Martin, daughter of Mrs. Trevelyan Martin, was married, on June 23, to Mr. Desmond Bevan.—The marriage of Lady Morvyth Ward, second daughter of the Earl of Dudley, and Captain C. Benson, D.S.O., was fixed for to-day (June 29), at St. Margaret's.

Photograph No. 1, by Elliott and Fry; Nos. 2 and 6, by Malcolm Arbuthnot; Nos. 3 and 4, by Bassano; No. 5, by Eva Barrett; and Nos. 7 and 8, by Bertram Park.

A Great-Grandchild of Queen Victoria.



FORMERLY PRINCESS ELIZABETH OF ROUMANIA: H.R.H THE CROWN PRINCESS OF GREECE.

This exquisite photograph shows H.R.H. the Crown Princess of Greece. She was formerly Princess Elizabeth of Roumania, and it will be remembered that her marriage to Prince George of Greece, Duke of Sparta, elder surviving son of King Constantine, was

celebrated at Bucharest this spring. She is twenty-seven, and both she and her husband are great-grandchildren of Queen Victoria, as her mother is the daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, and his mother is a daughter of the late Empress Frederick.



Without Prejudice



HERO OF A CRICKET RECORD CURIOSITY: MR. J. C. WHITE, WHO TOOK TEN WICKETS IN ONE INNINGS IN THE SOMERSET V. WORCESTERSHIRE MATCH.

Mr. J. C. White is, with Bestwick, the hero of the cricket record curiosity which occurred last week, when both these bowlers took ten wickets in one innings on the same day. Mr. J. C. White is a young cricketer who stands at the head of the bowling averages. He is a left-handed slow bowler, and is a little over thirty. He took all ten wickets in Worcestershire's first innings in the Somerset v. Worcestershire match, played at Worcester.

Photograph by L.N.A.

the crowd, who would insist on walking right up to the camera, getting larger and larger all the time. Because we had not yet reached the age when the film-photographers were put in front of everybody, along with a friend of the Chief Constable's wife and the local Coalition organisers.

But now. Ah, now we have altered all that, haven't we, with every place of public worship and most of the theatres hastily converted into cinema theatres. So it is about time that the history of the movement was carefully studied. Do you remember the Early Italian phase of film history, when all comedians were called Tonolini, or Callino, and all really rich people appeared to live in the conservatory?

Then there was a French chapter, in which the audience derived its principal entertainment from the strange nature of the literal translations into English with which the story was liberally punctuated. And the appalling illegibility of the signatures to those letters which made the hero rich, the heroine elope, or the villain shoot himself, as the case might be.

ONE day the cinema stage will get the historian that it deserves. (No. That wasn't meant for a Nasty One, but as a Plain Statement of Fact.) And it is about time. Because we have already travelled a considerable way since the early productions of the Biograph (oh, delightful ancient name!) jumped, sparked, and flickered on the old-world screens of twenty years ago.

Of course, you aren't old enough to remember it. But in those distant days the Moving Pictures (what faded charm the old words have!) formed a remarkable attraction of almost scientific interest which was included in the varied programmes of the Palace Theatre of Varieties, happy in its innocence that, years later, it was itself to be sacrificed to the march of the detestable science of cinematography.

And in those days a highly enterprising producer would place his entranced audience on the cow-catcher of an American locomotive and whirl them through the flickering darkness of some tunnel in the Rockies to an accompaniment of the most fascinating choo-choo noises from the band. And sometimes one might see a blurred and hasty photograph of the tail-end of some public event, sadly obscured always by large gentlemen in

But they were all submerged in the great tidal wave of starry and stripiferous films which followed the Gulf Stream across the Atlantic and provides our docile people with an infinite number of dramas comprehensible only to close students of American life. One hears a good deal in these days about the safeguarding of key industries (which seems to mean any industry with a really rich member in the present Parliament). But no one ever says a word, in all the welter of garmantes and hosiery latch-needles, about the virtues of a good stiff tariff on American films.

Not that our Infant Industry seems really to need it. Because the British film, to the innocent eye of the outsider, is far more interesting; because it is so often far better acted by people who know how to act (instead of having merely devoted the best years of their lives to the study of how to dive off cliffs on to the Cruel Rocks Below) than are its foreign competitors.

Someone squirted on to the screen the other day a home-made version of Stanley Weyman's cloak-and-sword novel, "A Gentleman of France." First rate. Of course, the story was a good deal cut about to fit in with the somewhat Procrustean exigencies of the film-producer. But in its essence it was there all right. And so well acted.

One really wants more of that kind of thing. And less of "Bud on Broadway," or "The Cinch." Because the average American import (apart from the fact that it is rendered extremely distressing to all sensitive persons by the unpleasing round felt hats worn by the male characters) is almost incomprehensible to the average person, who does not live at the pictures and has never lived in the States, by the oddity of the manners and customs of the filmed natives.

And the film dramatisation of long novels shows results far more satisfactory to all concerned than those distressing versions of them which are periodically produced (and almost simultaneously withdrawn) on the legitimate stage. One can stand an hour or so of eviscerated fiction. But to be irritated for an entire evening by noting the minor variations introduced into the story by the dramatist is too much. And that, as no person of normal intelligence seems prepared to write film plays, is the way that we shall get good, solid dramas on to the screen.



ONE OF THE TWO BOWLERS WHO TOOK TEN WICKETS IN AN INNINGS ON ONE DAY: BESTWICK, THE VETERAN DERBYSHIRE FAST BOWLER.

The feat of taking all ten wickets in one innings has been performed many times in first-class cricket, but on Wednesday of last week it was done twice on the same day. Bestwick, the veteran Derbyshire fast bowler, who is now 45, took all ten wickets for his side when Glamorgan went in for their second innings, and Mr. J. C. White distinguished himself similarly in the Somerset v. Worcestershire match.

Photograph by L.N.A.



MARRIED AT ST. SIMON'S, UPPER CHELSEA: COLONEL THE HON. A. F. W. HARRIS AND MISS MARGARET HAMILTON.

The marriage of Colonel the Hon. A. F. W. Harris, late King's Royal Rifles, brother of the Earl of Malmesbury, to Miss Margaret Hamilton, sister of Lord Belhaven and Stenton, took place last week at St. Simon's Church, Upper Chelsea. Our photograph shows the bride and bridegroom leaving the church.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

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OUT OF THE RUCK.

By GEORGE PRIMROSE.



"I DON'T mind a little 'ubub or even some bestial 'owling, but I draw the line at bottle-'urling"—that classical remonstrance of an eminent Head of a House need not be echoed by readers of a new collection of short stories, which ends with an exhibition of bottle-hurling quite unexceptionable. The incidental hubbub and savage howling never exceed due bounds and are inevitable to dramas of life in wild places. But do not suppose that "Where the Pavement Ends" trusts to mere physical racket and violence for its effects. It is with the mentality of his human derelicts, his beach-combers, convicts, and dubious traders of the Eastern and Southern Seas that Mr. John Russell is most concerned in his twelve tales of raw and naked passion. He takes the last phase of a cultivated mind and shows it still assertive in degradation, although not, in "The Fourth Man," finally triumphant. The pure savage beats Dr. Dubosc, former lecturer of Montpellier, in the end. In "Jetsam," however, Junius Peabody, a plainer wit than Dubosc, fights crushing circumstance and wins. Mr. Russell understands how to balance his undeniable power, and if he has more to offer, he will go far. Already he has proved himself very cunning in the short story, but he is still disciple rather than original master. Not only in method, but in verbal reminiscence, he acknowledges Kipling for his instructor. Throughout, the "East-of-Suez" touch prevails; here you glimpse Macandrew's "Gay Street" and "Number Nine," and you ask whether Christopher Wickwire may not actually be that stern Chief who put young Mac's "rubbishy overside." "Doubloon Gold," an incident in another key, if overstrained in fantasy and a debtor to "The Greatest Story in the World," hints at a peculiar charm this writer may yet make all his own. "Even treasure trove," says R.L.S., "can be made dull"; but that, at least, cannot be laid to Mr. Russell's charge. His first shot may not have scored the critical bull's-eye so energetically signalled for him by his publisher, but it's a capital inner, and his practice is well worth watching.

"To undertake to be someone else is really beyond everything... I pity the girl from my heart." When Mrs. Dillon made that remark to her eccentric son, Quentin, she summed up the story in which she is a very minor character. Quentin, a distinguished ex-officer, to whom his country offered no rewards, naturally felt discouraged, and seeking change, rather unnaturally exchanged identities with another Dillon, a demirep, the chance acquaintance of an hour. In this vile creature's shoes he went out to Rangoon "on business," not knowing what the business was. When he found that it was to act as decoy-duck to a polite gambling hell, our disgruntled Paladin went gamely through with it—a thing impossible to a man of his character and traditions, had there not been the lure of Marion Keith, the innocent and pretty niece of the hell-keeper's wife. Hence the complications inevitable to such "A Fool's Errand." When Mrs. Victor Rickard allows her situations to evolve themselves and does not rush in to manufacture them, she comes very near beguiling you with her tale. She knows her East, with its motley Society, and, like Quentin, has "a curious quick sense towards places." Also, she writes in a

style above mere "shocker" level, and fits an incredible plot with people often quite credible, even if she forgets that the Grants were introduced originally as the Spencers. In the end Quentin has luck one can't grudge him for Marion's sake; but why the gallant ass didn't give up masquerade and propose on the voyage out is a puzzle. If he had, however, I'd have lost the amusing solace of a long wait for a strike-delayed train.

If it be necessary to have the methods of the cinema thrust at one from the printed page, it would be advisable to get the work done by Mr. William Patterson White. He is thorough, he sees his way "from hell to breakfast" (to adopt one of his own choice cowboy phrases), and he leaves no loose ends. It may be questionable whether the Wild West is so exclusively occupied with wholesale and retail murder as appears from the very unparadisical annals of "Paradise Bend," and the whole Cowboy legend may be only a huge convention, but Mr. White can spin a yarn that, once begun, has to be finished.

With the aid of the usual Judge, Sheriffs, punchers, horse-stealers, range-bosses, store-keepers, bar-tenders, six-shooters, and the rest of the outfit, he demonstrates conclusively that "the primitive code of the broken lands is bluntly simple." His hero, Tom Loudon, a conjurer with fire-arms and a Sherlock Holmes in countering sinful games, is just a little too bluntly simple where Kate Saltoun is concerned. He has to wade through an intolerable deal of blood and fatigue before he realises that Kate was his from the very beginning; but heroes of his sort are like that, otherwise there would be no story. I commend another lady, Mrs. Burr, to your favourable notice, for she alone could master Tom, and when once you have mastered the actors' outlandish jargon, you will, I think, thank Mr. White for a good evening at the pictures, should you feel inclined for a Wild Western entertainment.

"There is no 'c' in my name—K-i-r-k-a-l-d-y. I'm not a toon, I'm a golfer." Mr. Andrew Kirkaldy does well to be jealous for his great name. Many may misspell it in innocent ignorance, but none will make any mistake about his being a golfer, although, more's the pity, he never won the Championship. If you want to know how Andra "had it in his pocket," and how it fell out through a hole, you will hear all about that, and a great deal more, in "Fifty Years of Golf" (not to be confused with Mr. Horace Hutchinson's book of that title), where the great St. Andrews professional tells his life-story to Mr. Clyde vernacular very well. Andra has

Foster, who reproduces Andra's much to say of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Andrew Lang, and chiefly Earl Haig, among his eminent acquaintances. He talks of them, and of many others, with the amusing but always gentlemanly freedom of his order, and across the whole book comes the snell breeze of St. Andrews links and the charm of "the city of the scarlet gown."

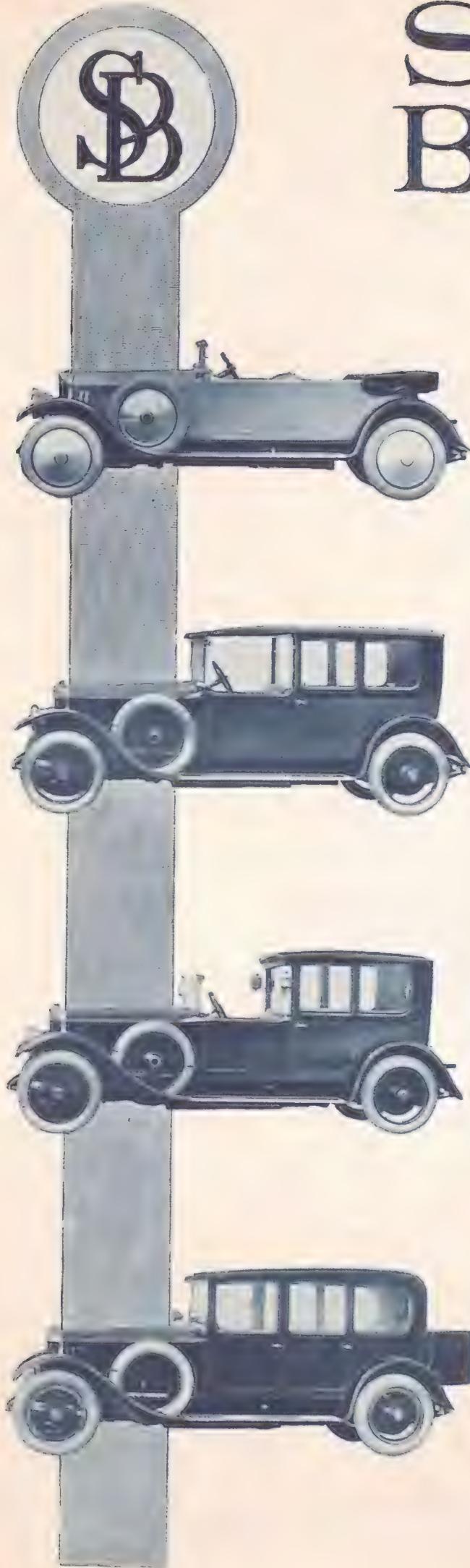
Where the Pavement Ends. By John Russell. (Butterworth; 8s.)
A Fool's Errand. By Mrs. Victor Rickard. (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.)
Paradise Bend. By William Patterson White. (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.)
Fifty Years of Golf. By Andra Kirkaldy. (Fisher Unwin; 12s. 6d.)



THE AUTHOR OF A REMARKABLE NEW NOVEL: THE HON. VICTORIA MARY SACKVILLE-WEST (MRS. H. G. NICOLSON).

The Hon. Victoria Mary Sackville-West, only daughter of Lord Sackville, and wife of the Hon. Harold George Nicolson, C.M.G., has just published a remarkable new novel, "The Dragon in Shallow Waters." It is her second book, as "Heritage," her first novel, was published some little time ago, and aroused great interest. Miss Sackville-West possesses great sense of style and powers of description, and is one of our most promising young writers.

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MOTOR DICTA



ILLOGICAL INVIDIOSITY: ALTRUISM RUNNING RIOT. By GERALD BISS.

I DON'T know whether there is really such a Murrayfied or Websterised word as "invidiosity"; but it is just the sort of word that Walter Pater would have coined to his own advantage. Well, being a plain man—at least, people and my (private) daily mirror tell me so—and an automobilist of some experience, I have always regarded it as invidious on the part of partially informed critics like myself, and many others not so punctilious, to arrogate a class unto itself to the Rolls-Royce. It was its own fault. It asked for it; and it has been getting it both ways in the *Autocar* recently in the liveliest and hottest motor correspondence we have had for years—certainly not since the great battle of the six and the four cylinders. That irrepressible spark, Rapson of the "Many Inventions," lit such a torch, as Bishop Ridley said to Brother Latimer (or the other way round), as shall not be put out in England—or in these days we should say the Empire, *not* the one in Leicester Square. Each man to his own auto; and you can talk, dictate, dogmatise, and bluff that your car is the one supreme car above all other cars. If you do, you ask for trouble; and, as you see, you get it! I take my hat off to the Rolls-Royce as being a car out of the very top drawer. Yet, to clear up this correspondence, it has apparently had to own up that, for some reason or another, it delivered a Rolls "below standard"—a thing which can apparently happen in the best-regulated automobile family.

Caste and Cash.

The Lanchester it was which converted me on the road some twenty-odd years ago from a caustic critic with strong equine leanings to an embryo auto-enthusiast; and do not some daring people go so far as to say that it is the finest car in the world? Again, I always disliked the early "brutal" Napier's, which to my mind really just got on to the ball in 1913, but now have a model comparable to any, as a brand-new post-war design. Cars may go, but other cars may come; and that is where criticism comes in. The Ford (5,000,000, not out) one admits is best in its class—a class of its own—and wonderful value for mere money; but the automobile world cannot stand still because "Poppa" Ford or even the Rolls-Royce hold up their arms and arrogantly dictate fashions or prices and scoff at competition. If I begin to mention names I shall soon get into trouble for leaving out some make which slips my memory momentarily, some make I don't know actively, like the Leyland, the Ensign, the Spyker—mere names and sheer chassis to me, who always view a car from the road's point of view. The Merc. from Hunland is a well-proven top-drawer machine to all who wot and want not—since 1914; and there are the Hispano, the Delage, and lots and lots I could mention at top price; and, for example, the Fiat, about which I wrote a fortnight ago, at its price. And please, ladies and gentlemen, as such comparisons are to us odious—well, don't forget that great item of price. We all remember the bill, and, however brilliant, can never quite forget the price of admirability.

The Height of Automobiliousness. And now I have been and gone and forgotten the Packard, which I am led to believe at its price is just the Yankiest-Simsiest proposition from God's own country. Well, on the most piping day of the whole drought, besides two other grown-up folk, I took two schoolboys and

two schoolgirls out for the day on a Packard, and gave the appetite of youth *carte-blanche* at lunch—some ginger-pop, I give you my word—then strawberries, chocolates, and such succulent delights, followed by tea at Oxford (with lemon-squashes thrown in), with meringues, wicked-looking dyspeptic cakes of all sorts, shapes, and sizes, and, to top everything off, double portions of real cream ices and *petits fours*. Now is it not a testimonial to the smooth running of this giant twelve-cylinder, and a deduction straight from the tum-tum that it is the finest car on the road, that I delivered each of the four, separately and individually, intact and without a qualm, at their respective schools and homes, swearing that never had they had such a day or been in such a noble car? *O si sic omnes*, as the Romans with their nasty habits used to say. But, to get back to rock bottom, is not such invidiosity a bit far-fetched and illogical on more sides than one?

Futile Philanthropy at Brooklands.

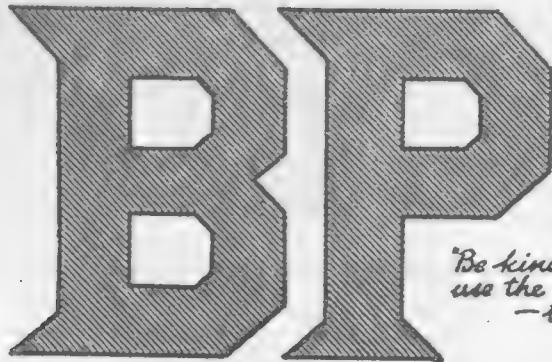
Having to write before last Saturday's meeting at Brooklands for publication after the event, I am only in a position to write upon principles and permanencies, and give the actual ephemeral a miss in baulk. However, there is in the entries before me one essential point which looks like possibly having a peculiar effect upon the future of the track without being a good one—probably quite the reverse. Paradoxically, they are both too many and too good; and the trouble, as it appears to me, lies in the method of selecting the competitors from them, which is, after all, the fairest way on paper to the competitors. Yet it is not so either to the spectators or to the track itself, smacking too much of altruism and too little of common-sense. It has been found in the past that in the interests of safety the number of starters must be restricted, and the faster the class the fewer permissible. For this last meeting there proved to be



DEMPSEY AS "DARE-DEVIL JACK," THE MOVIE HERO: CARPENTIER'S OPPONENT DOING A PICTURE STUNT.

Dempsey, whose coming fight with Carpentier for the World's Heavyweight Championship on July 2 has been creating such a big advance "thrill," is the hero of "Dare-Devil Jack," a Pathé film now appearing all over the country. Our photograph shows him climbing on board a train in order to rescue damsels in distress.

a considerable surplus of entries for every race, and entries were accepted in order of their receipt at H.Q. Brooklands. The consequence is that, while honour is satisfied, amongst the "reserve" cars in the list of entrants are such important and exciting machines as "Cupid" Hornsted's colossal pre-war Benz, which still holds some of the world's crack records, both the twelve and the six-cylinder Sunbeams, Hawker's own special "A.C." model, Fraser Nash's "G.N.," and others in various classes, evicted through mere priority of post by certain cars considerably less interesting—at least, to my mind. Frankly, it seems to me that a time has come when a new principle, such as a selection committee, will have to supplant this philanthropic principle of first come, first accepted, so far as the competitors are concerned. It is not in the best interests of the racing itself and its future development, or of the track from the point of view of attracting the public, or of the public themselves, who naturally want the best run possible for their money. The exclusion of the best is a fundamentally wrong principle in every sphere of life; and the reduction to absurdity of the present principle is that the same old machines may go on monopolising the track year after year till they drop to pieces, provided their owners be prudent and methodical enough to post their entries at the first possible moment.



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Seven-fifty doesn't sound much for a car like this, does it?—Vide "Motor Owner."

THE BACKBONE of any firm is its trading policy. The policy of the Darracq Company is "value for money." It is the simple, honest principle of the "square deal," and its very simplicity has successfully carried the Darracq Company down the years and placed it in its present sound position. It has paid the Company because it has paid the customer. As in the early days, so in 1921, and with the introduction of the new models for this season there exists the same feeling of confidence that any examination and comparison of these models will but justify the claim to having fully maintained a trading policy which has made the Darracq known the world over as the "Value-for-Money" car.

PRESS OPINIONS :

"WHAT IS THE BEST CAR OF THE YEAR?"—"DAILY DISPATCH," No. 4, 1920. "After the most exhaustive examination into the relative 'Value-for-Money' of the numerous cars exhibited at this year's Olympia Motor Show, in my considered judgment the 1921 model of the 16 h.p. Talbot-Darracq is in every respect the car as representing 'Value-for-Money'." W. H. Berry.

The same writer states in the "EVENING STANDARD," March 4, 1921. "After nearly 2,000 miles with the Talbot-Darracq on the road, however, I have nothing to take back from my original opinion, that she is the best value in cars in her class in 1921."

"It is a very obvious 'Value-for-Money' car."—"FIELD," Mar. 19, 1921.

"It is no exaggeration to say that the Talbot-Darracq is the best 'Value-for-Money' offer we have met with in the motoring world during many years of experience at home and abroad."—"FINANCIAL NEWS," Dec. 8, 1920.

SPECIFICATION:
16 h.p. Chassis complete with C.A.V. Lighting and Starting. Five Lamps, Clock, Speedometer, Four-speed Gear-box, Cantilever Suspension, Five Wheels and Tyres £550
"READY FOR THE ROAD" in the fullest sense of the phrase, and mounted with the finest quality English coach-built body.

£750

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Telephone: Putney 1892; 2560/172

Showrooms: 150, NEW BOND STREET,
LONDON, W.1
Telephone: Mayfair 6364 5-6

Through a Glass Slightly



THE man who worries about money deserves all he gets.

An American who strolled into a London tobacconist's and called for a couple of cigars was asked which kind he preferred—strong or mild. He replied, "Gimme the strong 'uns, 'cos I'd better try sumpin' different. These gol-durned English cigars keeps on bustin' in me pocket."

On the other hand, there is the case of the English visitor in New York whose experience provides a notable lesson on the condition of

living in the little old burg behind the Statue of Liberty. It was a ferociously hot day—as ferociously hot as it can be in New York. The poor, thirsty Englishman was exhausted. Yet he realised the impossibility of getting a nice, long, iced Scotch-and-soda. The idea came in a flash. He would go out, purchase some grapes, get into a cold bath, and so, munching the grapes, defy the weather. As fast as the intense heat would allow, he hurried to a fruiterer's and panted: "A dollar's-worth of grapes, please." The salesman looked at the poor fellow mournfully and snarled: "See here, Mister Limo; we don't split grapes."

A lady who had been to Ascot garbed in the least and latest of fashion's decree, on returning to town experienced the first effects of a possible chill. She hastened to her doctor and sought advice

GIVING HIS SECOND RECITAL TO-MORROW (JUNE 30): MR. WALTER RUMMEL, THE WELL-KNOWN PIANIST AND COMPOSER.

Mr. Walter Rummel, the well-known pianist and composer, gave a successful recital on the 24th, at the Wigmore Hall, and is giving his second on June 30 (to-morrow).

as to the best means to prevent an on-coming cold. The doctor was abrupt. He merely said: "Madam, you had better go home, dress yourself, and go to bed."

The "foolish question" always was a kindly source of merriment. The other day a man who ever seems to be the object of such asinine queries had tried to catch an outgoing train. Laden with baggage, he gallumphed his way along the platform as the train gathered speed. His gallumphing was in vain. The train disappeared, and he was left alone and forlorn, saying to himself things appropriate to the occasion. A porter came up to him and asked if he had been trying to catch the train. "No, you ass!" he retorted; "I was chasing the silly thing out of the station."

A man who was almost a boor Said: "All things to my mind are pure. Wherever I am I never say 'Damn,' For I want my ideals to endure."

One of the fallacies of Fate is that, once a hard-up artist gets on his feet, it always goes to his head.

The difference between an epigram and an epitaph is that the former says unkind but true things about the living, whereas the latter says kind but untrue things about the dead.

He was one of those provincial touring actors who was very properly proud of his prowess as the leading gallant. He was trying out a new play in a country

"one-horse" town, and called for the stage-manager with whom to discuss effects. "Now," he said, "the great moment in the piece is my entry in the third act. The scene is an exterior—outside a cave in the north of Ireland. On the prompt side I want a platoon of soldiers armed to the teeth, with bayonets fixed, and noise off suggestive of a reserve force. Facing them, lining the O.P. flats, I want a crowd of policemen, batons drawn, but somewhat embarrassed, as they must have no leader. Then, up stage, crowds of peasantry, groaning and jeering and shuffling and buffeting one another in terror that their protagonist may not appear in time. At the moment when the military are ordered to fire and rifles are raised, I rush forward from the hidden cave and cry, 'Hold!' That's the situation. You see the effect I'm after. Now, tell me, how many supers can you let me have for that one scene?" There was a pause, and then the stage-manager, chin in hand, muttered, "Well, Sir, about four." And the reply: "Splendid! Let's get on with it."

In an exclusive restaurant there was noticed the other day a sheet of paper tacked to the wall. On it was written: "The umbrella in the stand below belongs to the champion heavy-weight fighter of the world." Some time later umbrella and notice had disappeared, and in their place another notice announced: "Umbrella which was left here is now in possession of the champion Marathon runner of the world. He is not coming back."

Maisie's little sister, when staying at the rectory, was permitted to meet the visiting Bishop. Before the arrival of the dignitary, the little pet was put through her training for the great occasion. She was told never to speak to the Bishop without prefacing her speech with the words "My Lord Bishop."

She seemed to understand quite well, and was then presented. The Bishop, in a tone of benign patronage, said, "And now, my charming little angel, tell me how old are you?" The charming little angel curtseyed low and replied: "My God, Bishop, I'm four."

A mistake is what we make. An unjustifiable error is what our friends make.

A journalist who was out of work—like all good fellows—had pestered the offices of a poor, unknown country paper day after day for weeks. Finally, the lesser "half" of the editorial staff was moved to a kind of paperish pity and reported to the greater "half" the poor out-of-work's sad story. "Moreover," said the sub., "the poor beggar vows that he hasn't had a bite of food for three months." The Chief immediately became excitedly interested. "Oh, he hasn't had a bite of food for three months, hasn't he?" he exclaimed. "Then we'll employ him and find out his secret, so that we can keep this paper going."

Too much work beforehand results in an uncomfortable holiday. Too much holiday makes work impossible. Beware!—SPEX.



THE EMINENT FRENCH ORGANIST WHO GAVE A RECITAL AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY LAST WEEK: M. JOSEPH BONNET.

M. Joseph Bonnet, the eminent French organist, gave a recital at Westminster Abbey last week. His programme included some Purcell, Cesar Franck, Bach, Couperin, and four of his own compositions. The collection afterwards was in aid of Disabled Seamen in the French and British Navies.



A GREAT BRITISH COMPOSER AND CONDUCTOR: MR. EUGENE GOOSENS.

Mr. Eugene Goossens is a very brilliant young man indeed. He is a distinguished composer and a fine conductor. His two concerts of modern music at the Queen's Hall drew large and smart audiences.

Photograph by Alvin Langdon Coborn.

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Huntley & Palmers Nice Biscuits

Sweet, with the delicious
flavour of fresh cocoanuts.
Excellent for afternoon tea.

CHILDREN LOVE THEM

Delightful as the town after which they are named.



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for one week
July 4 to 9

All the Stock will
be greatly reduced
and all original
French Models will
be sold at half price

Attractive Tafeta Gown, with
black lace over pink Organdi.
Original French Model, Half
Price.

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Goods sent on approval.

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VOGUES & VANITIES

By
CARMEN
of
COCKAYNE



Sales Again. The sales again! So there is still some excitement left in life. What the humorous writers and cartoonists would do if there were no summer and winter sale campaign, goodness knows. One almost hates to think about it. Besides, it's always interesting to be told that "queues of eager women with the light of battle in their eyes began to gather at 3 a.m. outside Turkey-trot's famous atelier in — Street, eager to be first in through the great glass doors and thus ensure possession of a grass-green tea-gown worked with orange beads, the ticket on which explained that it had been reduced from 24½ guineas to £23 10s." Of course, nobody believes it, and no doubt lots of women decide that next time they'll test the truth of the statement for themselves. But no one ever does! And so the ladies who brave the elements at 3 a.m. on a winter's morning continue to make their appearance in print each year; and if they contract colds in the process, I, personally,

can't help feeling they deserve them.

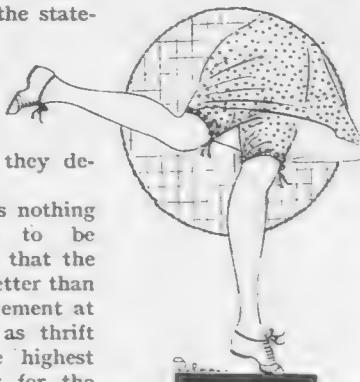
Worth Considering. told that the sales this year are better than ever. But the statement at least is true; and as thrift is practised in the highest circles, not merely for the sake of setting a good example, but from necessity, there's no earthly reason, except a snobbish one, why every woman shouldn't save a pound, or two or three, when she gets an opportunity of doing it. Besides, even Princesses are not ashamed of being seen buying during sale time; and there are still lots of people who are quite pleased to shop in

Straw can be used for roses, as well as aids for drinking.

company with Royalty, no matter how democratic we may, as a nation, be growing. But to return to the sales. The situation simply amounts to this—the season has not fulfilled anticipations. In plain English, it was expected to be brilliant; it has, in fact, proved something of a "frost." Entertaining has been of the quietest description. No doubt, the coal strike has had a great deal to do with it. At any rate, it has provided many people with an excellent excuse for living a quiet life. "The coal strike, my dear," is as good an excuse for non-performance of social duties as "the war" used to be. The attitude has, rather naturally, led, not to a slump exactly, but to a somewhat quieter time in the dress world than was anticipated three or four months ago. The natural result is that the shops are fuller of good things than is usually the case when sale time arrives. The point need not be laboured. Isn't every woman, or at any rate almost every woman, only too eager to seize any opportunity that presents itself of buying a new dress, or something that can be turned into one? This article is not intended as an incitement to extravagance, but merely as advice to the perplexed who, perhaps, are not aware of the "treasures" still to be found in the shops—treasures that will be drastically reduced by the time these words appear in print.

Fair Bathers. Will the coal war prevent the seaside girl from fulfilling her decorative mission on the front? It will not. Is it likely that Mlle. Bulle will refrain from disporting

herself in the sea waves just because it's hard to keep the kitchen fires burning with very little fuel? I don't think! It takes something much more severe than any trouble we've yet experienced to effect a change in the national habits, and I've no doubt seaside landladies will reap as great a harvest of "Fishers" this year as at any time in their inglorious careers. Meantime, what d' you think of the nice spotty and sporty-looking bathing-gown Dolores has sketched on this page? Each individual can work out a colour-scheme for herself. Personally, I suggest a fancy silk stockinette as the medium for a costume that, whatever its faults, cannot truthfully be accused of interfering with the wearer's liberty of action.

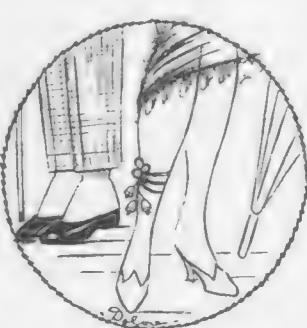


It's hardly necessary to explain the presence of the Directoire "knicks" that are worn by this tennis girl.

About Stockings. I like, too, those filet net stockings all embroidered. A great deal, of course, depends upon the style and shape of what's inside them; but since they are of filet net, and many women have clever fingers, there seems no reason whatever why anyone who feels like wearing them should not get the materials, rip up an old stocking, and start a new home industry. Knowing exactly where to embroider in order to conceal possible deficiencies would be a great advantage, too; and as to novelty, there's no question but that hose of this kind would strike a strongly individual note.

And Very Nice, Too.

The tennis season is in full swing; so is the tennis skirt—or rather, what skirt there is to the tennis frock that appears to have ousted the once popular white drill from feminine favour. No one could truthfully urge that the artists in tennis dress waste material. Here, on this page, is a typical skirt to show positively that they don't. Moreover, I retain vivid memories of photographs of an active young thing on the tennis court who was showing far more of a shapely understanding and et-cetera than would have quite pleased grandma! Now, perhaps, you'll appreciate how thoughtful it was of Dolores to show the effect of Empire "knicks," trimmed with rosebuds too, worn under a skirt of this type.

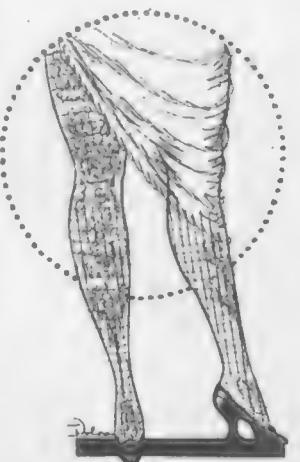


Bells on her ankles, but not on her toes.

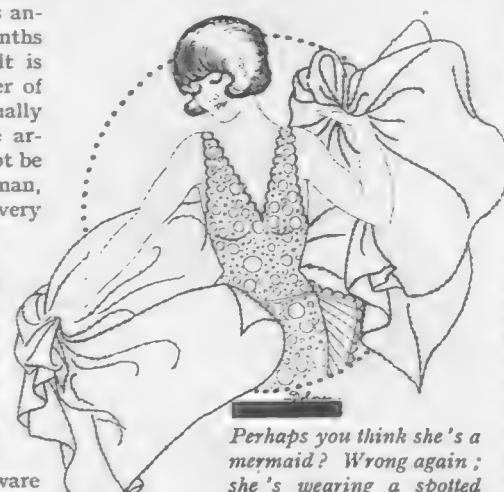
matrons and maidens skipping about the tennis-courts in sweaters and breeches, without even an excuse for a skirt falling a few inches below the waist. Tastes differ; most people at present, however, prefer something that can, even if only by a great stretch of imagination, be dignified by the name of skirt, even if it does have to enlist outside—or, to be precise, inside—help in order to enable it to perform its duties in something approaching a satisfactory manner. For even the most abbreviated of skirts looks smarter than breeches; though in ten years' time we shall probably be writing and thinking the exact opposite!



Sulphur and copper coloured feathers on an evening head-dress.



Filet net stockings, and very nice when it's hot.



Perhaps you think she's a mermaid? Wrong again; she's wearing a spotted taffetas bathing-suit.

GOOCHS SALE

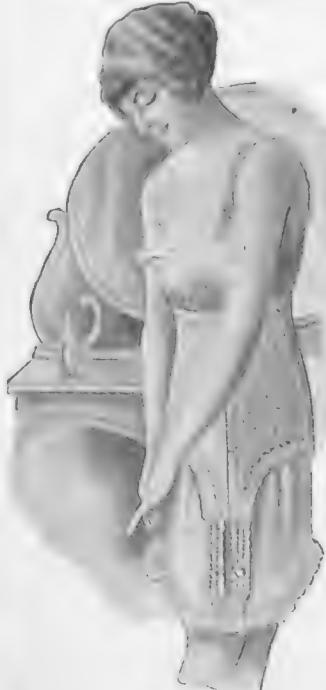
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No. 252. Very low Corset, lightly boned. Made in fine firm Coutil. Silk elastic at waist, with two suspenders. Pink and white. Sizes 21 in. to 28 in. Price 10/11 Postage 6d. extra. Less 10% during Sale



No. 145. A new design in Sports Belt, shaped in front suitable for riding. Made in firm spot Broché Coutil. Soft finished at top to prevent pressure. Four suspenders. In sky, pink and white. 10/11 Sizes 21 in. to 27 in. Price 10/11 Postage 6d. extra. Less 10% during Sale

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An example of Value:
S.C. 62.—Specially designed Heavy Shantung Silk Rest or Morning Gown, in pretty shades of Light Blue, Cherry, Amethyst, Apricot or Powder Blue. Long revers and turn-back cuffs of self colour. Sale Price 39/9

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A wide selection of Children's Dresses in a variety of materials at greatly reduced prices.

Will be sent on approval if desired. If not already a Customer, kindly send London trade reference. Remittance with order greatly facilitates despatch, and in case of non-approval of goods the amount forwarded willingly refunded.



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This garment
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89-90, NEW BOND ST., | 175-176, SLOANE ST., | 108-110, KENSINGTON
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No. 364. A cleverly cut full figure Model of the highest grade perfect fit, low bust, slightly higher at back, in a firm cotton Broché. In white pink spot and self white. Sizes 22 in. to 30 in. Price 15/6 Postage 6d. extra. Less 10% during Sale

ROYAL P.D. CORSETS.
All Goochs stocks of these delightful Corsets, including the numbers offered here, are subject to a discount of 10 per cent. off advertised prices during the Sale.
No goods can be sent on approval during the Sale.



The "LOWTHER."

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest Soft Felt "Pull-On" Hat. Beautifully light in weight and absolutely waterproof, made in one quality only, THE SUPERFINE. A most becoming Riding Hat, secure fitting, and for all sporting occasions, golf, tennis, etc.; the brim being quite flexible, it can be adjusted to suit the wearer and will also roll up to carry in the pocket. In nigger, tan, light brown, grey, mole, 42/- steel grey, black, white, champagne, lemon, and a variety of art shades. Price

The largest stock of exclusive designs in Helmets, Solar Topees, and Double Terais in the World. Models particularly suitable for India, Nigeria, Egypt, South Africa, etc.

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HALF-PRICE—JACQUARD BLANKETS, PYRENEAN WOOL.

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L.V. 362—This graceful Wrap is of Royal Blue Georgette, trimmed Oxydised Insertion, and can be had in any lovely shade or Black, trimmed Gold or Oxydised.
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100 Doz. LADIES' FINE BLACK CASHMERE HOSE, fully fashioned. All sizes. Exceptional value

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Charming Frock in good quality heavy Crêpe-de-Chine, in red and white, green and white, mauve and white or brown and white.
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"GAZELLE." New Wrap Cape, lined silk, finished with tassels. In black Satin. Sale Price 6½ Gns.
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SALE and Continues for Twelve Days only.

Exceptional Bargains in all Departments



ATTRACTIVE HAT (as sketch)
in black glace silk, soft edge
on brim, slightly turned up
and trimmed bow of self
material.

Sale Price ... 35/9



LADY'S BLACK GLACE KID
LANGTRY SHOE (as sketch),
round toe, fancy steel slide,
Louis XV heel.
Last Season's Price ... 75/-
Sale Price ... 39/6



SMART BLOUSE (as sketch),
cut on full lines with becoming
trill, finished link cuffs.
On white grounds with a
variety of coloured stripes.

Original Price ... 69/6

Sale Price ... 29/6

30 MODEL SUITS in various designs,
of which sketch with dressy coat
bound braid with new shadow hand
embroidery is a typical example.
In navy, nigger and fawn corded
suiting; coat lined throughout with
rich quality Crêpe-de-Chine.
Original Prices ... 14½ to 16½ Gns.
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KNITTED WOOLLEN COATS,
various styles of which
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in fleecy wool, and also in
open lace style, in a large
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Original Prices 79/6 to 84/-
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Binoculars, 20 gu., model 8x, by Colmont, Paris. Extra large object lens, giving large field of view, bending bar, screw and separate eyepiece focus, great penetration power, name of ship distinctly read five miles from shore, in solid brown leather sling case, week's free trial. Great Bargain. £5 : 9 : 6. Approval with pleasure. We hold a large stock of second-hand Prismatic Glasses, all in new condition, by Colmont, Zeiss, Goerz, Lemaire, Hensoldt, &c., from £5 : 5 : 0 to £9 : 9 : 0 a pair. List sent post free.

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Sale Price **6 Gns.**

Usual price **7 Gns.**

Colours: Sand, Nigger, Grey, Mole and Black.

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22/6

will bring you a genuine pair of the celebrated LEFEBURE real silk stockings.

These same goods are sold at £2. 5s. in our Paris House, but we give you the advantage of the present exchange. This is hosiery of a kind that few shops show. You may run across its counterpart at twice the price in a few houses that still place their faith in quality.

LEFEBURE stockings are made from the finest silks with extreme care, and by a scientific method. They are so constructed as to "mould" the leg. That is why they appeal to the more exacting "Parisienne." They are as soft as velvet and their lustrous appearance is one of their distinctive features.

THE MOST ECONOMICAL STOCKING IN THE WORLD

Stockings for afternoon wear, in white, black, brown, smoke grey	- - -	£1 2 6
Very fine white or black stockings	- - -	£1 6 6
Send pattern of exact colours desired	- - -	5s. extra

This price holds good during June.

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Send cheque and name of colour desired to—

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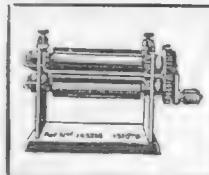
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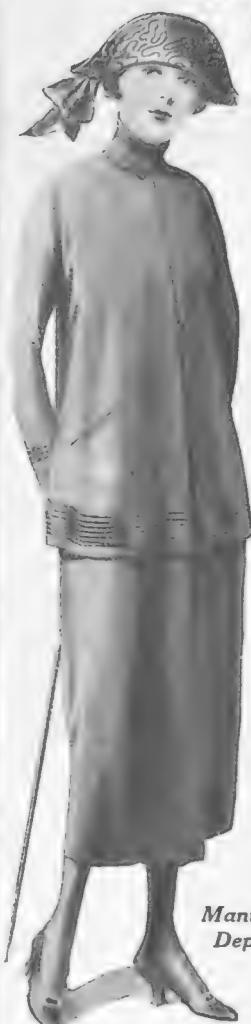
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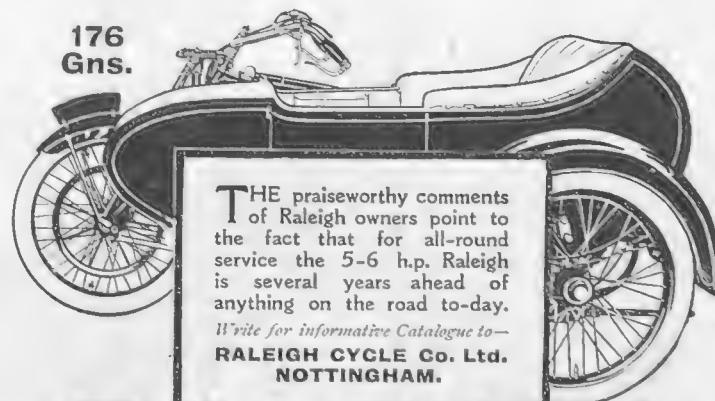
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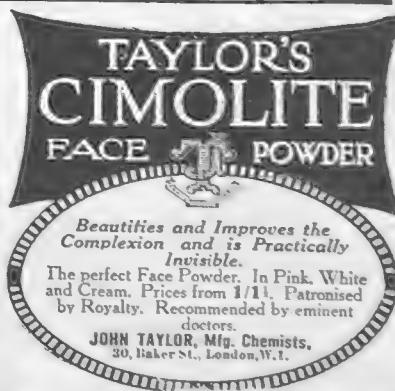
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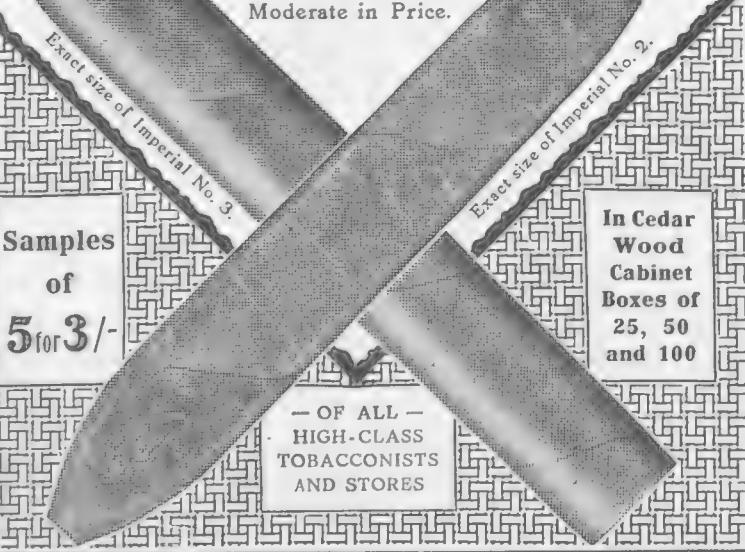
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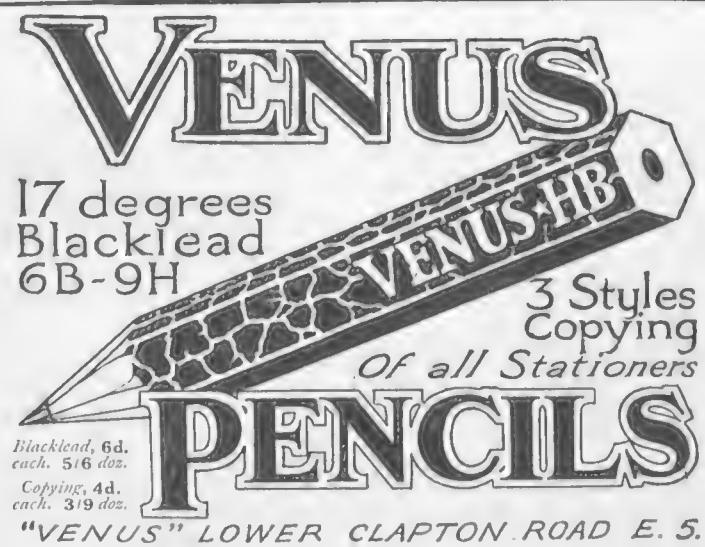
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Fabrics and Woollens.



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ADVENTURE IN MAYFAIR.—[Continued from p. 484.]

"Well, introduce me," he suggested, quite unabashed. "Don't be selfish."

To her horror he pressed the bell.

"You must go," she commanded. "I—"

"Oh, nonsense! I'm coming in," repeated her companion. "You seem in a great hurry to get rid of me!"

Rage and mortification overcame his listener, and for a moment she was silent. It was obvious to her that he had made a mistake; he had taken her, because she had spoken to him, for some terrible adventuress.

"You must be mad!" she told him furiously. "I shall tell the man to refuse to admit you."

"Righto!" replied her tormentor, unperturbed. "But I fancy, all the same, that I'll gain admittance. Usually do, you know, when I set my mind on it."

Diana descended to a desperate appeal. "Listen," she urged, "you're making a mistake—I'm not what you suppose. My uncle is Lord Wallford . . ."

Sir Philip smiled. "Ah, is he, really? Mine's old Ravenshaw. Queer old beggar—ever met him?"

The door opened, and an expressionless man-servant admitted them both. To Diana the next few moments were a nightmare. A man who was capable of forcing his way into the house of an utter stranger would, it was certain, do anything.

When it came to explanations he might say she had spoken to him . . . that . . .

"My dear, what a colour you have!" exclaimed her hostess as she was shown into the drawing-room.

"Sir Philip Mansfield-Page," announced the servant, before she had time to speak.

Her hostess turned. "And Phil," she said affectionately. "I was so afraid from what you told me you wouldn't be able to come."

She turned to the dazed Diana. "Let me introduce my cousin, Sir Philip Mansfield-Page, Miss Ashe. Or have you two met?"

"Oh, yes," said Sir Philip cheerfully; "we've met already—haven't we? Do you know, the first time I ever set eyes on you, Miss Ashe, you were standing on an island in Park Lane!"

He paused to let the full significance of this remark take effect. Then, turning to the other woman, he added, "It was such a lovely day, Fanny, that I walked here from Eaton Square."

And his cousin, a stupid woman, and one lacking all natural intuition, smiled. She sensed nothing wrong. . . .

THE END.

FIVE HOURS FROM LONDON.

THE holiday-maker will do well to remember Dieppe and, having remembered, to stay there. If he has been before, its attractions will be familiar to him; if he has not, he will be surprised at their number. Amongst them are golf, bathing, lawn-tennis, racing, and a casino at which *Boule* or baccarat can be played, dances can be watched or taken part in, and excellent music can be heard. Thus to say nothing of the customary amenities, such as a capital promenade and lawns, a delightful district, the theatre, and the cinema. Further, for his greater comfort, there is that famous hotel, the Royal—British organisation blended with French cooking and service at their best.

Without good accommodation no holiday is worth while; that is why it is vital to know precisely where to stay with the certainty of comfort and luxury. The Royal provides both, and is assured of continued success. The old saw has it that to know all is to pardon all. In this case, to know all is to praise all. A special word should be added as to the golf afforded by Dieppe. The courses are fifteen minutes from the Casino, and provide twenty-seven sporting holes, with delightfully undulating greens and well-placed hazards. They are both seaside and inland: part on the cliffs on one side of the road, part on the other—a fascinating combination. Numerous matches, open to members of all recognised clubs, are arranged. The bogey for the eighteen holes is 80.

Almost every woman is an expert about pearls; where she sometimes errs is in thinking that Tecla pearls, the prettiest of those not made by the oyster, can be purchased anywhere. This is not so: at one place, and only one, are they obtainable, and that is 7, Old Bond Street. It is in this beautiful salon also that the newest, most fascinating, and most artistic designs in jewelled ornaments are to be found. There are lovely neckband fasteners of real diamonds set in a lovely open-work pattern in platinum; there are graceful real diamond and Tecla pearl ear-rings which are a real aid to beauty. There are strings of lovely Tecla pearls quite indistinguishable from oyster-produced gems, whether that succulent bivalve be free or coerced to his work. The price, it must be remembered, is from £5, varying according to the size of the pearl and the length of the string. There are the most modern and beautiful examples of jeweller's art at Tecla's Salon, and it is the only one in London where these most satisfactory and most beautiful pearls can be purchased. They have a special beauty of sheen, colour, brilliance all their own which makes of them the always desirable gems that they are. Bracelets of pearls are coming into vogue, and a very pretty vogue it is, particularly to possessors of pretty and well-kept hands.

THE WOMAN ABOUT THE SALES.

A Wonderful Week.

We are going to have a great week from July 4. As a family, we have decided—men, women and children—to equip ourselves at every point for our holidays at Harrods' great summer sale, which starts that day and lasts for the week. We know our Harrods as do most people, and that what we get there is the best and only the best; we know, too, that everything sold at this sale is Harrods' own stock, and that Harrods leave no effort unmade to secure the best. Really delightful reductions are being made in every department, reminiscent, most pleasantly of the good sales before the war. One may perhaps at sale time buy cheaper-seeming things than those at Harrods; but time proves Harrods first rate, and time shows up the seamy side of the seeming cheap. There will be bargains at the big house in Knightsbridge next week, and a Harrod bargain is twice a bargain, because it is the best possible article at the lowest possible price.

The Home-Lover's Chances.

A house is not a home unless it has someone to care for it; and the woman who loves her house keeps her supply of fine linen up to high-water mark. In the sale at Walpole's, 89 and 90, New Bond Street, now in progress and continuing until the end of July, the home-lover has rare opportunity. Extraordinary bargains are being offered in the most beautiful table linen, some of which will be guessed at by the fact that table-cloths the current price of which is 28s. 9d. are being sold for 23s.; and that some of pure Irish linen double damask, 2½ yards wide by 4 yards long, which were from 13s. to 16s., are being sold at 6s. 6d. each. There are wonderful bargains in tray and carving cloths, in heavy all-linen crash roller towels (at 3s. 11d. each), and in damask-bordered huckaback and diaper-face towels, at 9s. a dozen, which sell usually at 18s. a dozen. Then there are blouses, shirts, pretty summer frocks, dressing-gowns, and children's dresses, at prices which for such first-rate things cannot fail to please the lucky purchasers.

No Geese; All Swans.

Women are now thinking of what they are going to do for the autumn, and such a sale as that now in progress at Swan and Edgar's, which will last until July 9, is an opportunity to equip for what comes next—by no means to be neglected. It is not possible in very limited space to give any adequate idea of the splendid value to be acquired at this well-known establishment. I can, however, say that frocks of heavy silk georgette, over silk slips, are reduced from 13½ guineas to 6 guineas; that delightful washing frocks can be acquired for 12s. 6d.; and silk jersey cloth dresses, embroidered with steel beads, in several smart colours, which were 7½ guineas, are now £4 19s. 6d. Sports coats of knitted wool, for 23s. 9d. in emerald green, and in all colours for 29s. 11d.; shirts of white lawn, well tailored and well fitting, for 5s. 11d.; kimonos and tea gowns, from 16s. 11d. to 39s. 6d.—these are exceptional bargains; in every department is the same fine value. It will be found at this sale that every one of Edgar's geese is a Swan.

The Home Harmonious and Hygienic.

How different our houses are now from what they used to be. I thought of this, going over one which friends have just got into order for themselves. It was so harmonious, so light, so airy, so charming and livingable; and what we all liked best about it was the lovely colours and artistic combinations of them on walls and ceilings. It was pleasing to hear that every one was done with Morse's Calcarium Sanitary Washable Distemper, the result of forty-five years' practical experience in manufacturing. It may not be possible for all my readers to see a house just done with these artistic frillings, friezes, ceilings, and dados; anyone can, however, secure a very well produced colour-illustrated booklet, showing some designs of rooms, by writing to A. T. Morse, Sons and Co., Upper Road and Grange Road, Plaistow, London, E. It will be well to mention *The Sketch*, when the booklet will be sent post free.

For the Discriminating.

The watchword of Woollards is "Quality"; and the Quality Sale of that celebrated firm began on Monday, and continues in progress until the end of July. The motto of this sale is "Maximum of Quality; Minimum of Price." Think of a silk charmeuse frock of Woollards for 5 guineas; or a foulard frock having the new drop-side skirt, for 4½ guineas; or an embroidered crêpe-de-Chine gown for 49s. 6d. There are many coats and skirts, such as are wanted for holidays, from 59s. 6d. to 5 guineas; and navy, black, and coloured gabardine suits, which were from 8 to 10 guineas, at 79s. 6d. There are bargains in hats: beautiful ones of ribbon, for 39s. 6d.; and of woven straw for 45s. 6d., and velour for 49s. 6d. In every department are bargains—real pre-war bargains.

The Scent of a Smoke.

Every woman likes the smell of a really good cigar, especially in the open air. Asking the man I know whose cigar aroma pleases me most how he managed it, I learned quite a lot. Always he smoked cigars manufactured by one of the world-renowned Havana factories, always he had them from a reputable dealer. It sounded expensive, and I told him so. He said not: that it was the least expensive of luxuries. Many people do not know it, he told me, but the price is down, since the removal of the *ad valorem* tax, to the neighbourhood of 25 per cent. below pre-Budget prices, so that La Corona and Half a Corona cigars, which were 16s. a hundred, are now 11s. a hundred.



The Foundation of Good Dress.

The foundation of good dress, like the foundation of good art, is an understanding of proportion and grace of build. In the figure of every woman lie the possibilities of beauty, yet so elusive that an ill-chosen corset may distort it to unattractiveness.

It has been written that violent contrasts destroy the very basis of art and maim the truth.

GOSSARD *Front Lacing* CORSETS

It is easy for the thoughtless woman to distort her figure with unbecoming corset styles that destroy her natural beauty. In the violence of contrast between too-large bust, too-small waist and too-large hips, with the inevitable in-curve of the back line that must always be a disfiguring mark of the over-corseted figure, vanish the possibilities of becoming dress. To be obviously corseted is to flout beauty.

Good taste in dress must find its first expression in the proper corset—in the harmony of simple, beautiful lines and right proportions. There are many Gossard Front Lacing Corsets designed to accentuate the natural charm of every type of figure. Whatever your corset needs, there are many models created in accordance with the unchanging principles of beauty that will assure you graceful lines and faultless proportions, gained by a healthful support so comfortable, so pliable as to permit the full expression of that grace of motion that is the birthright of every woman.

Gossard Corsets can be obtained at all leading Ladies' Outfitting Establishments and Stores. If you have any difficulty in obtaining Gossard Corsets write us direct and we will send you the name and address of the nearest establishment that can supply you.

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CITY NOTES.

INCOME TAX.

THE Chancellor of the Exchequer is in a most unenviable position, driven as he has been to resort to inflation by the coal dispute and faced with the necessity of finding some seventy millions in October to meet the Exchequer Bonds which then fall due. A difficulty, however, is no excuse for injustice, and we consider that no other word rightly covers his attitude over Clause 18 of the Finance Bill last week. The question was the relief from paying income tax on the three years' average where income had fallen beyond a certain point owing to the war. This was granted in 1918, and, under the ordinary interpretation of the 1920 Act, continued last year. Sir Robert Horne now proposes to abolish this right of the taxpayer, not only for the current year, but also for 1920-1921, using the ambiguity of the wording of the 1920 Act as a cloak.

That the Act can abolish this right for the current year is not denied, although it will obviously create many cases of grave hardship; but it does seem to us wrong that people who have adjusted their taxes should have the matter suddenly reopened and be asked to pay additional amounts which were not contemplated before. Retrospective legislation is nearly always undesirable, and this seems to us an unusually bad example.

SHELLS.

Speculation is for the time being as dead as the proverbial door-nail, and consequently many shares have suffered declines far greater than is warranted by present conditions—bad as they may be. Oils have long been speculative favourites, and we think the best of them have now been driven too low.

Take Shells, for example. The Company has recently issued its report for last year—a period of abnormally bad trade conditions, with a falling market for oil, as for every other commodity—and yet the profits shown are far better than ever before, amounting to £7,668,000, against £4,762,000 for the previous period. Admittedly more capital was employed, but it would not be difficult to think of many companies where increased capital has, of late, very signally failed to produce a corresponding improvement in profits.

The strength of the Shell balance-sheet is really remarkable, as it includes approximately thirteen millions invested in British Government securities. The capital of the Company is rather more than £21,000,000,

and the Ordinary shares stand at about 5s. Powers are now being taken to create 10,000,000 additional Ordinary shares, and when the time comes for their issue we have little doubt that the terms will afford another handsome bonus to the shareholders. The shares should be bought and held.

LYONS.

Lyons have recently announced a dividend making 42½ per cent. for the year. The Chairman's speech at the meeting was distinctly optimistic, and a bonus issue of shares is promised shortly. Mr. M. Gluckstein pointed out that this would mean the halving of the dividend percentage if the amount paid out in dividends remains the same. "I do not mean to imply," he went on, "by this that the sum to be distributed will necessarily be an amount which will yield 21½ per cent. instead of 42½ per cent.; on the other hand, I hope no one expects that because we have doubled the shares in number we therefore contemplate maintaining our present dividend of 42½ per cent. That would be absurd—impossible; but if the industrial atmosphere shortly clears, as we hope it will, we should find ourselves in a position to improve our dividend distribution."

We have very little doubt the phenomenally successful management of this business will achieve still better results in the future, and we confidently recommend both the Ordinary and Preference shares as attractive Industrial holdings which should eventually appreciate in value.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

He slipped in between two solid blocks of ice—each one borne, it is needless to explain, upon the shoulders of stalwart porters—and he turned into the House as the ice-merchants wended their ponderous way to the Stock Exchange Committee's luncheon-room.

"Where am I now?" said he to himself. "Why does the Stock Exchange keep those two dirty Union Jacks hanging over its lists of war distinctions?"

He was looking at the framed groups of honours. There are two lists facing each other; one has the names of members, and the other those of Stock Exchange clerks.

"You can't mark a bargain in French Premium Bonds," said a man at his side. "Nominally, we are not supposed to be allowed to deal in them at all. Actually, you can buy or sell the 1919 and the 1920 Bonds with a certain degree of freedom."

"What's the price?"

"Round about 9½ for the 500-franc Bond. Both pay 5 per cent., but

[Continued overleaf.]

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Continued.

the coupons are payable in francs, so lots of small holders don't bother to cash them."

"Save them up to cash in a bunch?"

"That's the idea. All that the holders care about is the chance of winning a big prize, and they subscribe to French papers which publish the drawn numbers periodically."

"Rather a good excuse for taking in illustrated papers, eh?"

"Oh, bless your ignorance, these are not illustrated. No fear, I don't mean—"

"Wanted to better himself, this clerk did," Our Stroller overheard, "and the people he applied to said they'd take him on. The clerk asked what salary they would pay him, and the broker told him they would talk about that after a month's trial. 'No fear,' replied the clerk; 'I'm getting more than that where I am now.'"

"Go on: I'll buy it."

"Buy it? There's nothing more. It's all over the House. Rather a good joke, to my idea."

"Can't see any joke in it. Silly story, I call it. Perhaps it's because my partner is Scotch, but I fail to see anything funny."

The other man snorted indignantly and marched off. Our Stroller followed him a little way, and then sat down on a bench attached to one of the vast marble pillars.

Jobbers moved about listlessly and with an air of intense boredom. Our Stroller listened to scraps of languid conversation.

"I've got all the cricket scores," and the speaker nodded across to the green baize board. "I've had a look at the racing tape. I've swallowed two tonic-waters, and now there's nothing to do but wait for a lunch which I shall not earn enough, all this week, to pay for."

A passing broker laughed. "Look at those lists of prices," he indicated with his jobbing-book. "Six of them, in a neat row. And all about the same size. They look just like little white tombstones erected in memory of the higher prices that people paid for the shares quoted on the lists."

"*Hic jacent*—" suggested another.

"He's not a member, is he?" asked the first. "Who? Hick J. Kent, I thought you said."

"That's how my boy pronounces it, anyway," was the calm reply. "Anything to do in Burmah Corporations? You used to have a lot of people interested."

"Got 'em still," the broker answered meaningly. "That's why no one will look at the things. Everybody is too sick, at the loss they've made on them, to want any more."

"Then why don't they sell?"

"Because at a price like this a man would rather lose everything than cut such a loss. 'I'll see it through,' he says to himself. And to his broker, 'But don't talk to me about them at present.'"

"You get exactly the same thing all over the Stock Exchange, except in the Consol Market," said another broker. "Industrials, Rubber shares, Shipping—same story everywhere. Not even a 5 per cent. Bank Rate is going to buck up things of that kind."

"My one dislike to an early decease," laughed a cheery-looking man "is that it would involve my executors seeing what an awful fool I've been in my share-purchases. I can't face that; I can't really. So I take nourishment, and try to keep fit by playing golf."

"An expensive insurance. I worked it out the other day, and reckoned that every game of golf I play costs me something between ten and twenty bob. That's taking into account my subscription, train fares, golf-balls, caddy, refreshments and so on. It's too dear, I think. But I carry on just the same. I hit a ball yesterday—"

Our Stroller rose hastily, and, skirting one side of the Kaffir Circus, passed with ease through what is still described, for politeness' sake, as the Rubber Market.

He happened to hear a dealer tell an authorised clerk that Germany has begun to take rubber in fairly substantial quantities. "That ought to help the market, you know."

No authorised clerk (to a broker) allows himself the luxury of being impressed. This one looked up at the blackboard hanging on the waiters' stand. "Price of rubber doesn't go much better," he replied.

"It will, though," the jobber insisted. "I feel confident of that. Some day."

"Some day," echoed the clerk, stressing the first word. "Rubber Trusts still flat? . . ."

"Shell dividend is due on July 6," he heard in the Oil Market. "But I believe there's a conspiracy to crab the Mexican Eagle—"

"Conspiracy?"

"Yes; it would pay several interests—I don't mean British, of course—to have the Mexican Eagle drowned in salt water or anything else."

"It's too big to drown."

"No reason why the game shouldn't be tried. And confidence is easily shaken these times. Any old stranger—"

The mere words were enough for Our Stroller. Half another minute found him in the safety of Throgmorton Street again.

Friday, June 24, 1921.

AMUSEMENTS.

COMEDY. (Gerr. 3724.) **NORMAN MCKINNELL**
In "A FAMILY MAN."
A Comedy by John Galsworthy.
NIGHTLY, at 8.30. MATINEES THURSDAY and FRIDAY, at 2.30.

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GAIETY. (Ger. 2780) **ALBERT DE COURVILLE'S**
Gaiety Version of "PINS AND NEEDLES."
Nightly, at 8. Matinees Wed. and Sat., at 2.15.

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Nightly, at 8.15. Matinees Wed. and Sat., at 2.30.
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E. Temple Thurston's Wonderful Play.
NIGHTLY, at 8.15. Matinees Wed. and Sat., at 2.30. (Reg. 4466.)

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GEORGE TULLY. Matinees every Wed., Thurs., at 2.15.

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in "A SAFETY MATCH." By Ian Hay.
Every Evening, at 8. Matinees Wednesday and Thursday, at 2.30.

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By WEEDON GROSSMITH.
LAURI DE FRECE as Crosbie.
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